

Américas

AUGUST 1962

THIS BUSINESS OF PLASTICS

is booming in Latin America

East meets West in
**CHINATOWN,
HAVANA**

The story of
CLAUDIO ARRAU
Chilean pianist acclaimed
by five continents

Why Puebla, Mexico, is a
CITY WITH A SECRET

"PEOPLE SPEAK TO PEOPLE"

Ohio State's novel plan
introduces foreigners to
grass-roots America

25
Cents

Venezuelan dances in devil
costume on Corpus Christi Day
(see page 24)





Américas

Volume 4, Number 8

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DEAR READER:

Next year is the date for the Tenth Inter-American Conference—another in the regular cycle of international meetings of American States held every five years to carry forward the work of the OAS. This one will take place in Caracas. The Venezuelan Government is giving you an opportunity to participate in a unique way by sponsoring a literary contest in connection with the Conference and offering a handsome prize of 30,000 bolivares (\$9,000). The award will go to the best historical work to fit the title, "From the Congress of Panama to the Caracas Conference, 1826-1953," and the subtitle, "The Genius of Bolívar through the History of Inter-American Relations."

According to the Secretary General of the Conference, Dr. Manuel Arocha, the contest will emphasize the Bolivarian origin of present-day inter-American cooperation, and the fact that Bolivarian concepts have inspired every conference, congress, and meeting held by the American States since 1826.

In order to shed new light on the subject, considerable research will have to be undertaken, involving historical documents that may or may not have been published to date.

The rules of the competition are as follows:

1. The length of the work will be no less than five hundred typewritten pages, double-spaced, 16 x 22 centimeters (6.30 x 8.65 inches).

2. The contest is open to all writers of the countries belonging to the Organization of American States, and the work may be written in either Spanish, English, Portuguese, or French.

3. All manuscripts must arrive in Caracas by July 24, 1953, where they will be judged by a board made up of the Minister of Foreign Relations, the President of the Academy of History, and the President of the Bolivarian Society of Venezuela. The manuscripts must be sent by registered mail and addressed as follows: "Secretaría General de la Décima Conferencia Interamericana, Apartado 5205, Correos del Este, Caracas, Venezuela."

4. In addition to the money prize, the winner will receive three hundred copies of the book, to be printed in a first edition of no less than fifteen thousand copies at the expense of the Venezuelan Government, which will also handle distribution as it sees fit, without further financial compensation to the author.

Announcement of the winner will be made on October 12, 1953, and he will be a guest of honor at the Tenth Inter-American Conference at the invitation of the Republic of Venezuela.


Secretary General

CONTRIBUTORS



Musical America editor CECIL M. SMITH, who introduces "Claudio Arrau, Master of the Keyboard," is a Chicagoan who has parlayed his natural affinity to music into an interesting career. With an education at the University of Chicago and Harvard behind him, he has also received musical instruction from various prominent authorities, including the noted Rumanian composer Georges Enesco. At one time, Mr. Smith was music and drama critic for the *Chicago Tribune*, and, for seventeen years, a member of the music department faculty at the University of Chicago. In 1947 he became associate editor, and music and dance critic, for *Theater Arts* magazine as well as music editor of the *New Republic*. The following year he joined the staff of *Musical America*.

Mr. Labrador Ruiz has a vast library that includes a number of rare volumes. His hobby is collecting modern Cuban paintings, snail shells, and pipes.



It is not at all unusual for Cuban-born ENRIQUE LABRADOR RUIZ to write about so unusual a subject as "Chinatown, Havana," for he likes odd and curious topics. In the twenty-nine years since he first took up journalism, he has published four novels, two volumes of essays, one each of short stories and poetry, and another of fantastic tales. He won his country's Juan Gualberto Gómez Prize for reporting and the Hernández Catá Prize for short stories. An indefatigable reader,



Former director of the São Paulo Museum of Modern Art, LOUIVAL GOMES MACHADO, author of "World Art Goes to São Paulo," is one of Brazil's foremost art critics. A graduate of the University of São Paulo, he teaches today in his old school's liberal arts college in the social science department, and is also a professor of the history of art and esthetics in its school of architecture and city planning. Some years ago, Mr. Machado edited a magazine called *Clima*, a vehicle on which several new writers rode to prominence. He also wrote a successful book, *Retrato da Arte Moderna do Brasil*.

Folklorist JUAN LISCANO, who wrote "Venezuela's Devil Dancers," started out at his trade as an amateur, but soon built it into an important, serious business. He organized and became the first director of Venezuela's Bureau of Folklore Research. An instru-

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides *AMERICAS*, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; and the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines all over the Hemisphere.

ment in a new field for his native land, the Bureau today contains an outstanding collection of folk stories, songs, and photographs. One of his albums—of Negro, Indian, and old Spanish songs collected in northern Venezuela—is available at the Division of Music in the Library of Congress, Washington. In addition to being a scholar, Mr. Liscano is a poet, with three volumes of verse to his credit, one of which won the Caracas Municipal Poetry Prize.



Argentine-born ANGÉLICA MENDOZA gives us a personally conducted tour of Puebla, Mexico, the "City with a Secret." Although she hails from the land of the pampas, where she received two degrees from the National University of Buenos Aires, Miss Mendoza is closely associated with Mexico, where she taught at Mexico City College. Today, with a Ph.D. from Columbia University, her accomplishments include, besides extensive teaching experience, a stint as international secretary with the Inter-American Commission of Women in Buenos Aires, running a radio feature for the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs in New York, and working for the United Nations.



SETH SPAULDING, who wrote "People Speak to People," was born in Tucson, Arizona, but has lived all over the United States. Educated at Ohio State University in Columbus, he was active in international student programs, and while on campus helped to organize the first trips of the kind he writes about in his article. To promote the "People Speak to People" program, he authored the pamphlet *23,823 Ambassadors of Goodwill*. A teacher of Spanish and English, he is currently with the PAU's Latin American Bureau for the Production of Fundamental Education Materials.

The story of how "This Business of Plastics" has swept the continent is told by a charter member of *AMERICAS*' staff, assistant editor MARY G. REYNOLDS. A native of Wellesley, Massachusetts, she is a graduate of its famed women's college. Prior to coming to the Pan American Union, she worked for the Hispanic Foundation of the Library of Congress.

In this month's book section CHARLES G. FENWICK, Director of the Pan American Union's Department of International Law, discusses Joseph F. Thorning's new biography, *Miranda: World Citizen*. ANÍBAL BUITRÓN of Ecuador, who recently joined the PAU Division of Labor and Social Affairs, writes on *Navaho Means People*, and Venezuelan RAÚL NASS analyzes *El Perfil de la Quimera*, a collection of seven essays by Ecuadorean Raúl Andrade.

this business of plastics

Mary G. Reynolds



To make this dent-proof car body of reinforced plastic, workmen (above, right) place layers of glass fiber mat and glass cloth in mold, then coat them with polyester resin



ON A HOT JUNE DAY IN KOREA Pfc. Emile Pinard of the 45th Division was out on patrol duty with three of his buddies when an exploding Chinese grenade fell beside them. In a split second Private Pinard threw himself on it in an effort to save the others. The explosion lifted him off the ground and knocked him unconscious, but Pinard was unhurt. He was wearing one of the army's new nylon plastic vests.

We in the American countries are surrounded by plastics. We see them all over the kitchen, the car, the dining room, the office. We take them for granted in our radio and TV cabinets, telephones, hairbrushes, raincoats, shower curtains. But most of us have only the foggiest notion of what these versatile materials are and how they came into existence.

It all started back in 1868 when there was a shortage of ivory and consequently of billiard balls in the United States. A prize was offered for an ivory substitute, and a resourceful young printer in Albany, New York, named

John Wesley Hyatt decided to go after it. He combined cellulose nitrate, obtained from cotton fiber and nitric acid, with camphor and came up with celluloid—the first plastic. Besides solving the billiard-ball crisis and saving many an elephant from doom, celluloid went into the stiff collars and cuffs of the Gay Nineties, denture plates, and curtains on the early automobiles. Because of its inflammability, this granddaddy of plastics has since been shoved into the background by younger relatives like cellulose acetate, but it is still widely used in fountain-pen barrels and piano keys.

The next big step forward came in 1909 when Belgian-born Dr. Leo H. Baekeland, in search of a synthetic substitute for shellac, hit on another set of plastic raw materials—the phenolics—when he obtained the first controllable reaction from phenol (a coal-tar acid) and formaldehyde. Realizing the tremendous possibilities of the resulting resin, he founded the Bakelite Company the following year to make it on a commercial scale. This company (now a division of Union Carbide and Carbon), along with DuPont, Monsanto, Dow, Koppers, Rohm & Haas, and others, has played a vital role in the fabulous growth of the U.S. plastics industry in the past forty years.

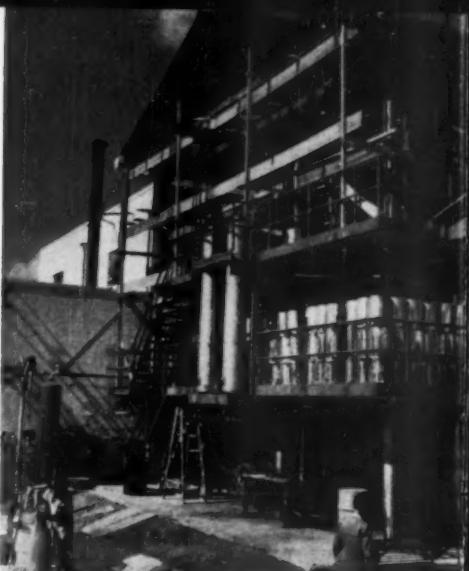
Today the industry consists of three main kinds of enterprises. One big group is devoted entirely to producing the thirty-odd types of plastic raw materials that have been developed so far. Each of these has its own particular ingredients and properties, but all are based on a chemical reaction that leads to a grouping of simple molecules to form giant ones—a process known as polymerization.

It is the giant molecules that make it possible for the companies in the second branch of the industry to shape these man-made substances under heat and pressure into some usable form. This can be done in a number of different ways. Many of the plastic parts for industrial machinery, as well as consumer goods like radio cabinets and telephone sets, are made by molding the raw materials in huge presses. Products like clock cases, cutlery handles, and gear shift knobs are made by casting—that is, baking the raw materials in lead molds. Plastic hoses, rods, filaments for brushes, tubing, and so on are made by melting the raw material in heating chambers, then forcing it through a forming die the way you squeeze toothpaste from a tube. Finally, there is the technique (used in making plywood, for example) known as lamination, in which layers of cloth, glass, or wood are impregnated with resins, then pressed into a single piece.

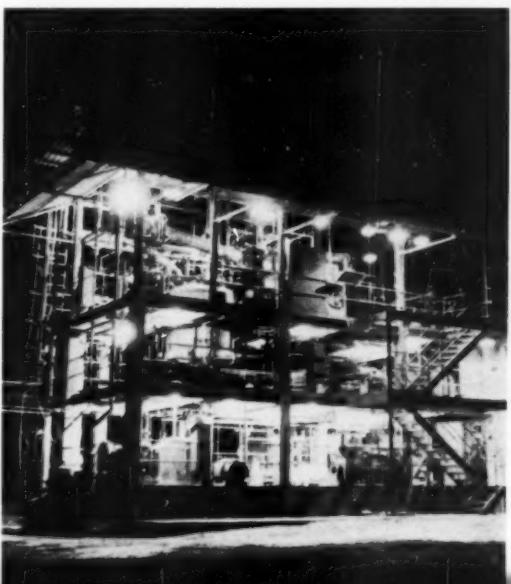
The third major division of the industry consists of the "end users," who buy plastics in various forms from the second group and incorporate them into their own products. These range from huge outfits like General Motors, which puts about ten pounds of plastic parts into each car, to the craftsman who makes plastic jewelry, candlesticks, and bookends for the small-town gift shop.

Plastics have finally got past the stage of being considered substitutes for old-line materials and won a

Bakol in São Paulo
is Brazil's largest
supplier of plastic
raw materials



Bakelite de México in Monterrey, with Saddle Mountain in the background. This plant has been operating since January 1948



Three shifts keep Bakelite de México's new polystyrene section functioning around the clock

chance to stand on their own merits. Their lightness, resistance to breakage, built-in color, and suitability for mass production have made them indispensable in meeting many of the complex needs of the twentieth century.

In Latin America, as in the United States, plastics have won increasing popularity. First the finished products and later raw materials to be processed locally were imported in steadily growing quantities. Makers of plastic consumer goods mushroomed during the twenties and thirties. In Brazil a Paraná firm started the ball rolling twenty-six years ago when it began making toothbrushes out of celluloid and cellulose acetate. In Mexico the plastics industry was born in 1933, with the making of celluloid combs by a Monterrey concern.

That same year saw the founding in Santiago, Chile, of Plastix Chilena Shyf, a firm that has since acquired many competitors but is still one of South America's leading makers of plastic products. The company is now housed in a streamlined plant and has 380 workers on the payroll, all Chilean except for five or six Europeans. Out of its complex molding machines come, among other things, automobile parts, miners' helmets, radio and telephone equipment, lipstick holders, cups and saucers, buttons, dominoes, and all kinds of industrial items. Altogether, Shyf turns out fifteen hundred different products in an attempt to make up in variety for the limited market (Chile has only six million people, and the company figures the effective purchasing power is in the hands of no more than two and a half million).

Gradually, almost all the countries have acquired their own plants for making finished goods. Cuba's first plastics company started making celluloid combs in 1941 and now has a number of rivals. Colombia, accustomed to importing inexpensive porcelain and clay articles from Europe, succumbed to plastic products during World War II and nowadays makes many of its own. In Argentina too, war-time shortages and high prices intensely stimulated the plastics industry. Plants for making everything from tableware to spectacle frames cropped up on all sides. In Uruguay local production was stymied in the late thirties and early forties by a manufacturing option on plastics held by a glass company, which took advantage of it mostly to make bottle caps, but after the option expired the country's plastics-minded businessmen made up for lost time.

During the war Brazilian, Mexican, and U.S. soldiers found plastics employed in hundreds of new ways—in shells, bombs, life rafts, radar equipment, propellers, binoculars, all kinds of electrical apparatus. They saw them in over two hundred different parts of the planes they flew and in over a thousand places in the battleships that carried them overseas. After they got out of uniform, these soldiers became eager, ready-made consumers. So did the millions of civilians who had been reading captivating forecasts of the peacetime applications that would grow out of wartime developments. In the United States production figures skyrocketed. Last year's total tonnage was 340 per cent over the 1946 figure. Steel output, by comparison, went up only 48 per cent in the

same period, aluminum 100 per cent.

Meanwhile, Latin America was beginning to acquire facilities for producing its own plastic raw materials. First to be made there were the phenolics, which since the days of Dr. Baekeland had acquired a reputation as the work horse of plastics because of their strength, hardness, versatility, and low cost. They are now produced for Argentina by Duperial, Plastiversal, Baires, Bernavo, and Monsanto-Atanor, an associate of Monsanto, St. Louis. The plants are extensive, as the manufacture of phenolics involves elaborate machinery. The phenol-formaldehyde reaction occurs under carefully controlled conditions in huge steam-jacketed kettles. The kettles give forth a syrupy liquid or resin, which hardens into a solid mass on cooling. To make this basic resin into a compound for molding, it is ground and mixed with a lubricating agent, dyes, and such fillers as wood flour, asbestos, or cut fabric to give better molding qualities, additional strength and toughness, greater heat resistance. Next the ingredients are blended together on revolving, heated cylinders, and finally the rough sheets that come off the rollers are ground and screened to the particle size wanted.

In 1948 a Union Carbide subsidiary—Bakelite de México—started making phenolics in Monterrey, Mexico's leading industrial center. The modern plant, set against the striking backdrop of Saddle Mountain, is staffed by eighty-nine Mexican and four U.S. employees.

Another plastic raw material—polystyrene—went Mexican in January 1951 when Monsanto-Mexicana started producing it in Mexico City. Since February of this year Bakelite de México has been making it too—on a round-the-clock schedule—in a new addition to its Monterrey plant.

Formed by a series of reactions from benzene (a coal derivative) and ethylene (a petroleum derivative), polystyrene is a clear, tough material that can be made in a rainbow of colors and has a wide range of applications. Outstanding as a non-conductor of electricity, it is used for instrument panels, high-frequency insulation, battery cases. Its low moisture absorption and great resistance to acids make it well suited for use in containers for food, chemicals, and cosmetics. Consumers also see it in refrigerator parts, novelty jewelry and (even in Mexico) ceramic-like wall tiles.

Monsanto-Mexicana has recently added two more raw materials to its list: cellulose acetate and polyvinyl chloride. This last tongue-twister belongs to a pyramiding family known as the vinyls. The rigid varieties wind up in such things as unbreakable records, while the flexible types reach the consumer as aprons, curtains, and tablecloths in all colors and patterns, rainwear, and lightweight garden hoses. The film and sheeting for packaging, curtains, draperies, and so on, are rolled out on calender presses, which operate roughly like a washing-machine wringer.

A recent issue of Bakelite de México's *Revista* featured a new variation of vinyls called "plastigels." These will have special appeal for owners of home workshops,

(Continued on page 44)

C H I N A T O W N H A V A N A

Enrique Labrador Ruiz

THIS IS A LONG STORY, which I shall give you in a nutshell. Chinese have lived in Cuba for many years now. The first came to work as cooks, servants, or valets. Since most of them arrived by way of the Philippines, they knew some Spanish and had been baptized. Beginning around 1845, large groups came to work the fields—in vegetables, sugar cane, fruit—with a four-year contract providing a wage of four pesos a month, one change of clothing, and food. The diet offered them was poor, consisting of rice and vegetables, with only an occasional piece of jerked beef. They sailed from Amoy wearing their wide trousers and oilcloth shirts, with their elegant queues carefully greased. They brought their abaci and some of their household goods, but not their wives. The colonial laws barred the women, and later the young republic followed the same procedure, so the poor beloveds remained sighing in their distant villages, or in some cases saw the faithful man return after some years with a fortune.

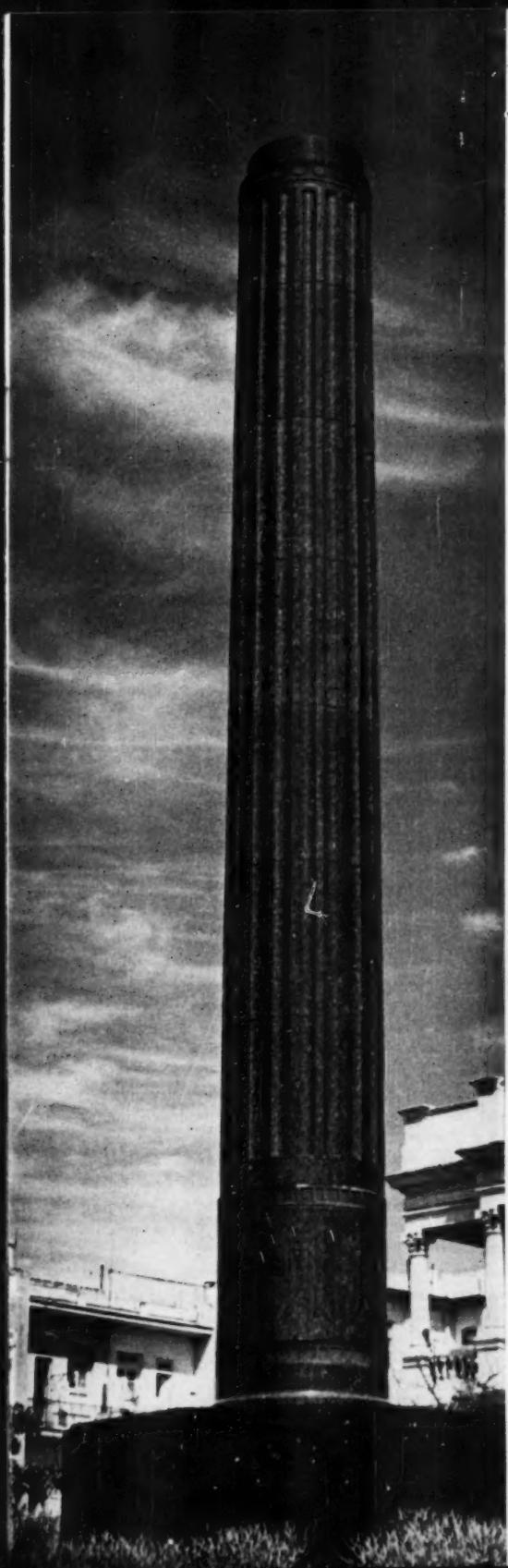
These workers were organized in groups under a captain or head man called a *barangay*. The shrewd chief made the original contract with the employer and received the wages for the whole band, redistributing them among his men, generally with obvious prejudice and abuse of their rights. But their natural defenselessness, unfamiliarity with the system of work, and fear of the clauses of the contract that had somewhat mysteriously won them residence in the new land, all made them hold their tongues. If we could hear them from beyond the grave they would be saying, "Yes, captain; yes, captain."

"Captain" is a term that has survived. They call any kind of owner, anyone who buys and pays for anything, a captain. The white man is captain, and so is the present-day boss, now that the *barangay* of hateful memory no longer exists. When a Cuban of Spanish stock

addresses a Chinese for any reason he also calls him "captain." It is a courtesy, a way of returning a compliment. Seldom is the Chinese addressed as plain "chino," which seems insolent, and very rarely nowadays as "pasana," for "paisano"—fellow countryman. (*Paisano* should be used domestically, where there is a close relationship.) Those of the same clan consider each other "cousins." This grouping includes people related only by the onomatopoeia of a certain name, or those who came from a given region, even if they do not know each other well. The "cousins" went on to found recreation societies, aid centers, and commercial relations within the community. The clan idea is still in effect as a way of resisting adversity and taking advantage of prosperous times.

In the war for Cuban independence the Chinese played a noble role, serving Cuba and not Spain. Martí's secretary, Gonzalo de Quesada, said of them, "There was not a single Chinese deserter or a single Chinese traitor." He went on: "There were few of them in the eastern part of Cuba, but practically all joined the rebel ranks, among them one, called Liborio, who distinguished himself as a field doctor. . . . The Chinese proved their valor in an encounter with Valmaseda at Cauto-Embarcadero. . . . In the Villas army, Juan Diaz distinguished himself. He was the Apollo of the group, almost white and with a long, silky mustache. . . . Pancho Moreno was outstanding in the capture of Mayajigua. . . . It was Chinese Juan Anelai, speaking in the name of the troops from Villas, who demanded more arms for his companions from the people of Oriente and Camagüey provinces, before representatives of the Executive and the Chamber of Deputies [of the Republic in Arms]. . . . They say that Commander Siam, when he ran out of ammunition at Guáimaro, used his rifle as a bludgeon." Quesada was talking about the 1868 campaign. In the 1895 revolt, José Bú fought under Máximo Gómez and attained the rank of commander. Captain Saturnino Achong was a hero; José Tolon an active partisan. In a park in Vedado, a residential district of Havana, a memorial column reminds us of these heroes and their most notable achievements. Today the Chinese play a useful role in Cuban life. They own restaurants, laundries, fruit stands, small grocery stores, and wholesale food houses. Rich and poor alike make the best of their keen business sense. You find them selling lottery tickets, notions, medicine.

The large immigration between 1899 and 1908 established the basis of the present colony in the country. Today it numbers some thirty-five thousand people, more than half of them naturalized citizens, who are found in all kinds of occupations. There are at least ten thousand in Havana, mostly Cantonese, although several different dialects are spoken, and their ranks are divided politically on the basis of their attitudes toward the Chinese Nationalist government. These good citizens have produced a large number of professional men, musicians, singers, and poets. A painter of world renown, Wifredo Lam, must be mentioned as an outstanding product of the alliance between Chinese and



Monument in Vedado residential section
honors Chinese heroes of Cuba's war
for independence

Cuban—including both Hispanic and Negro forebears on the Cuban side. Mario Kuchilán, the son of a Chinese, writes Cuba's most popular newspaper column, in *Prensa Libre*.

These Orientals belong to a multitude of societies, all federated in the Casino Chino, with headquarters in the consulate. They have a good health center, the Kav-Kong Association (named for a Chinese city), a rice market, and an old people's home on the outskirts of the city that receives support from the Cuban Government. A large number of tradesmen and workers belong to a Masonic lodge, and two Taoist temples and a Presbyterian and an Adventist church have their congregations in Havana's Chinatown.

Fittingly embedded today between the streets labeled Rayo (ray, or flash of lightning), Zanja (ditch), San Nicolás, and Dragones (dragons), this section once extended to Sítios and Escobar, to Galiano and Reina, when everything was gardens and farms, and the *zanja real*, a brook that flowed across this land, gave it life. In this neighborhood mango and other previously unknown fruits were planted commercially in Cuba for the first time. Several species of vegetables were similarly introduced. The Chinese living here worked in humble occupations: some were old-clothes men, others carted



The author examines porcelain figure in
Chinese emporium of art and edibles



Produce stands line sidewalk on shady
side of street in heart of Chinatown

bones to be made into buttons and glue, and at one time they held the contract for collecting the city's garbage.

The neighborhood today is still picturesque, even though the traditional Chinese garb is missing. A typical Oriental smell hangs in the air. Until mid-morning, a little market covers the sidewalks of this oddly shaped zone with baskets of vegetables, fish, pork, and strange fruit. A swarm of buyers emerges from the half-open doors (for the unmarried Chinese live piled up in small quarters) and bargains energetically until an adjustment is reached between purchasing power and appetites. Watching them, you realize there is a sort of tacit regulation that produces agreement. The many Chinese from outside the neighborhood and even outside Havana who come to the market take advantage of these visits to greet friends. You hear the salutations of people who

have not seen each other in a long time, effusive reminiscences, cries of joy, and idle chitchat. And we should not forget the circumspect pharmacies (there are at least four), where you can find such weird concoctions as marrow of lion's bones, leopard's claws, powdered Spanish fly, and mysterious powders for success in love and business. Nearby live doctors who specialize in treating Chinese, and even some Chinese doctors.

There was a very famous one in the early years of this century: Dr. Chambombian. A man of solemn mien, with a large mustache and a red umbrella, he was skilled in punctures, bloodletting, and the use of herbs. He specialized in treating hopeless cases, people who were on the point of going on to a better life; he performed miracles. Because of his repeated success with his hoops and bracelets, the people adopted this saying for extreme emergencies: "Not even the Chinese doctor can save this one. . . ."

The neighborhood has had its poets, who have sometimes movingly sung its praises. Also its humorists. The following story is told of one, who is fortunately a rare type. I won't mention his name. He worked in a bank (not the Chinese Bank of Havana). For years he was in charge of making arrangements for his fellow countrymen to send drafts and bills of exchange abroad. Suddenly he decided to dispense with the institution's regular procedure, to his own profit. Immediately he ran into difficulties. News of his default spread, and soon he had beating on his door a multitude of claimants, the people he had defrauded with his vain cleverness. How do you suppose he answered them? Very simply: it was at least three months since he had accepted the batch of drafts, and the disagreeable information had arrived that none of the beneficiaries had received them. In his admirable accent the upright employee merely remarked: "Patience, gentlemen. . . . Much patience. . . . Cable running bad, in all certainty." The cable, which dispatches the most complicated transactions no matter how far in a matter of minutes, was running badly—three months behind! Now and then I find him musing philosophically over his former splendor (these days he plays dominoes all alone) and I feel like asking him maliciously how the cable is working.

"Why don't we go in here?" a friend suggests, pointing out one of the colorful stores that abound in the neighborhood. Here you find figures in porcelain, catalpa wood, red cherry, and shining ebony, representing demigods and warriors, virgins and hermits, wanderers and beggars, monks and wise men. Also displayed are incense burners for driving away evil spirits, rich silk, embroidered slippers, ornamental masks, sandalwood fans, parasols, and a thousand more things made of clay, ivory, or terracotta: pagodas, skies captured in lanterns, Buddhas with all kinds of expressions, symbolic towers, travelers borne on litters—a world of art that exchanges its best work for a handful of rice. Not to mention carved agate, volcanic rock, bamboo, and pine wood in as many other proofs of patience.

The artist must have worked months on the severe print I have of Li Tie Kouai, the elegant man of the

world who retired to the mountains to live the life of an anchorite, studying Taoism among the stars and spirits. Legend has it that one day, knowing his mother was sick, he told his disciple: "Take care of my body. I am going to visit her in my spirit. I shall be back within a week." The week passed and the master had not returned; the disciple thought him dead and abandoned the body. On the ninth night Li's soul came back, looking for his body. Only a few traces remained to show that tigers had devoured it. Not knowing what to do, he looked for another body in which to incarnate himself, and found only the corpse of a lame beggar who had just died. He entered it, giving it life, and in this form he went on to the end of his days, known by the nickname of "The Iron Crutch." I repeat: how long the gouge and chisel must have been used on the block before this image was ready to go to market for a trifle! That is China and its moral for unbelievers.

The common folk exchange gossip in the doorways of these sumptuous shops while bargaining goes on over coriander, eels, balsam apple seeds, heavy sharks' fins, tea, and peculiar confections made of black beans or peas, with castor oil and repugnant-sounding secretions of mollusks.

The smell of the Orient, sticky, peculiar, penetrating, dances in the air, and we would be on the point of confirming the old idea that the Chinese have no sense of smell if we did not know it as an established fact that the Chinese nose knows more, much more about the four fundamental elements of smell than ours does. What happens is that with their habitual modesty they pretend they can't smell at all.

After the shopping we went to eat and I got involved in an unimportant problem that seemed monumental at the time. "Since the Chinese language is monosyllabic, without conjugations or declensions," said the most important restaurant owner of the neighborhood, who is also an educated man and a philosopher, "you must be very well up on tones. For example. . . ."

He launched a whistling note, then another and another. "Any sound," he explained, "can be modulated in five distinct ways, and these tones make the word's meaning clear. Do you understand?"

"Obviously not," I replied. And my companion reproached me for my ignorance and impudence with a disdainful glance. She was a lady who was not accustomed to this sort of dispute, and I tried to smooth things over. "But I do know, for instance, how to ask for my chicken with almonds, or that delightful swallows' nest that the lady would prefer today, or perhaps the ever-popular fried butterfly. . . ."

"Let's not be materialists," my host gently responded, "it's not necessary. For your palate to be regaled with those humble dishes that my modest house offers, you need only choose, as your whim dictates, with your hand, without a murmur. The venerable K'ang-ki dictionary with its forty-four thousand characters for making up a sentence would tell me less, much less. What would you like?"

(Continued on page 42)



CLAUDIO ARRAU

master of the keyboard

Cecil Smith

ONE OF CHILE's most persuasive ambassadors is neither a statesman nor a politician, but a musician. On five continents, thousands of people who otherwise might feel little relationship to Chile have developed a sense of friendly communion with that country because they have heard Claudio Arrau at the piano.

Contrary to the widespread assumption, music is not invariably an effective international language. Many musicians, even famous ones, are basically provincial rather than international. By their style of performing or their stress on emotional values that are national or local rather than universal, they remain within a restricted horizon, and tend to emphasize differences among national outlooks rather than the basic truths and beauties that can bring all men together. French musicians, for example, may find that audiences in the United States fail to respond to a cool, controlled, intellectualized, almost offhand manner of presentation that often wins the highest approval from French audiences. Similarly, Latin American audiences recoil from the express-train speed and machinelike precision of certain young United States pianists who have not yet learned to make their music first and foremost the expression of the deep concerns of the heart and mind.

The important fact about Claudio Arrau, therefore, is not that he is a Chilean, or that he is a pianist of imposing technique who can, if he wishes, play as fast or as loud as any other pianist. The honor he reflects upon his native Chile results from his full membership in the small circle—and it really is a small one—of pianists who have learned to use their technique for revealing musical truth and beauty, not merely for display or self-advertisement. Walter Gieseking and Rudolf Serkin, to cite two examples upon whose merits there can scarcely be disagreement, belong to this select circle of pianists more concerned with musical expression than digital dexterity; so do the exquisite Brazilian pianist Guiomar Novaes and the young Argentine composer-pianist Roberto Caamaño. Arrau is one of the peers of the musical realm; this can hardly be said, on the most exacting critical level, of more than a dozen pianists in the world today.

Arrau's career, which in the past decade has attained a grand international scope, is a tribute to the wisdom, foresight, and generosity of the Chilean Government.

His unusual gifts were apparent when he was still a small child in his native town of Chillán. There he began to play the piano at the age of three, and when he was five he gave an astonishing recital in Santiago that attracted the attention of people in the government. But forty-odd years ago Chile had no adequate facilities for giving so gifted a youngster the full training he would need to realize his potentialities. The National Conservatory, brought to distinguished heights by Dr. Domingo Santa Cruz in recent years, did not then exist. Young Claudio's musical education could hardly have been entrusted to the private teachers who happened to be available in Santiago.

Accordingly, as if guided by second sight, the Chilean Government sent Claudio, with his mother, to Germany at the age of seven to become a musician. At first the small boy could not find a teacher he liked, and he became discouraged and lost a good deal of the urge to play. Finally, he and his mother met the celebrated Chilean pianist Rosita Renard, who recommended her own teacher, Martin Krause, a pupil of Franz Liszt. Krause was enchanted with his playing, calling him "the greatest talent since Liszt." Today, because of his

Famed pianist with his ninety-two-year-old mother last March, when he flew to Chile for a four-day visit between engagements





teacher's connection with the immortal Hungarian, Arrau is fond of claiming, with a whimsicality that keeps him from sounding boastful, that musically he is directly descended from Beethoven: Liszt studied with Carl Czerny, who in turn was a pupil of Beethoven. Be that as it may, from the start Krause knew what sort of clay he had to mold, and the relationship between them ripened into a happy one. In large measure Krause came to replace the boy's father, who had died when the child was three. Master helped pupil achieve a musical perspective that enabled him to win the Liszt and Ibach prizes when he was still in his teens, and a few years later, in 1927, the competition of the International Congress of Pianists in Switzerland. Since then, Arrau has been too busy playing all over the globe to worry about entering any further contests, but as one of the world's foremost Beethoven interpreters, he owes much of his authority to Krause, the only teacher he has had since his mother took him to Germany.

An uninterrupted government stipend provided young Claudio with support in Berlin for nine years, while he sought to develop himself as a musician in an environment that was then as serious and as genuinely inspiring as any in the world. He grew to know Beethoven and Brahms through men who still carried on the great tra-

*Above and right:
Chile's Claudio Arrau,
one of the truly great
musicians of our time,
in action*



ditions of nineteenth-century German music. While his fingers were being disciplined to the keyboard, his mind was being schooled in the humility, the continual search for meaning and communicative power, without which no musician can unlock the secrets of the great composers.

By the time he was seventeen, Arrau was ready to make concert appearances in Central Europe. In 1923-24, when he was twenty, he made his debut in the Western Hemisphere, undertaking a short tour of the United States. Wisely, he did not wish to present himself yet as an interpreter of the biggest and most challenging works. I remember hearing him with the late Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in November 1923. Serious almost to the point of aloofness, and probably actually a trifle shy in his first encounter with this unfamiliar audience four thousand miles away from either his birthplace or his adopted home, he played Mendelssohn's G Minor Concerto with expertness and grace, and Liszt's noisy *Spanish Rhapsody* with fire and thunder. But despite his demonstration of talent, young Arrau was not sufficiently formed as an artist to make his way in the strangulating commercial competition of the North American concert business. He returned to Europe, and did not visit the United States again for eighteen years.

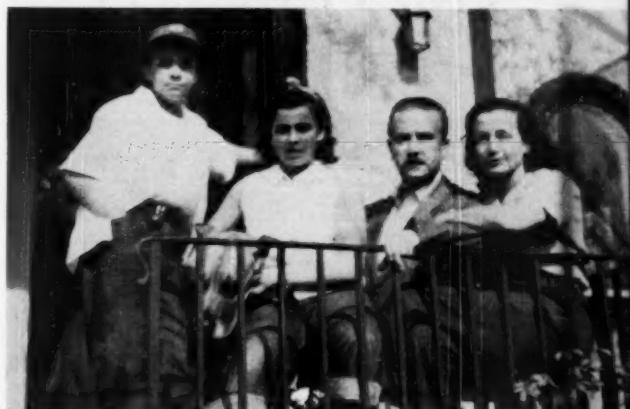
Meanwhile, he sought to broaden and deepen his art. He startled the German public, and won its respect, by offering a series of twelve recitals in which he played all the keyboard works of Johann Sebastian Bach. He undertook cycles of all thirty-two of the Beethoven piano sonatas. He played all, or nearly all, the piano works of Mozart, Schubert, and Weber. Thus he equipped himself with an exhaustive knowledge of the music that is central to the German classic and romantic repertoire. He also turned to more modern French expression, and became a master of Debussy and Ravel.

Although Arrau had already appeared in cities as far removed from one another as Moscow (where his fees in 1934 and 1935 were paid in jewels and furs) and Buenos Aires, it is only in the past decade that he has become unquestionably one of the major figures of the world-wide musical scene. His first Carnegie Hall appearance in New York in 1941 obliterated all recollection of his half-success as a sober-faced youth of twenty. Olin Downes, critic of the *New York Times*, reported that he played with "unassailable power," and the New York press and public joined in awarding him the status he had already achieved in Europe and South America.

Since by 1941 New York had already become the leading commercial center for musical art, the success of his revisit to the United States opened to him the doors of the concert halls of the world. Since that time he has appeared with every important symphony orchestra in the United States—more than two hundred appearances in all—and has given some 450 recitals in this country alone. His press agent modestly claims that he has now filled engagements on five continents. Actually, he has been to six, for last year he touched upon Asia when he went to Israel for the first time.

This was a particularly spectacular experience both for Arrau and for the Israeli people. Scarcely any first-rank pianists had played there since the appearances of Artur Schnabel and Artur Rubinstein fifteen years earlier. His concerts, according to the *New York Times*, caused "some of the wildest scenes of audience enthusiasm ever seen in this country." Tickets for his concerts had to be rationed at the box office—two to a purchaser. People began to stand in line for them at five in the morning. Arrau found Israel's response "too beautiful and touching to be described," and commented that to its people "music is as important as food and drink."

In this regard the Israelis do not differ from Arrau himself. Although he has a connoisseur's regard for the value of food and drink, he is not the sort of artist



At home in Douglaston, Long Island, with his son Mario, eleven; his daughter Carmen, thirteen; and Mrs. Arrau, born in Germany

who endeavors to achieve success merely to earn more money with which to eat and drink more expensively. He is, in fact, so dedicated to his art that he tends to be a trifle ill at ease with other people unless he feels assured that they share his passionate concern for all that is important and meaningful in music. In everyday matters he has a pleasant sense of humor, though he is far from being a wit or a wag. But a light-minded attitude toward music or a passing remark that indicates want of standards is not a joking matter for him. His musical interests greatly transcend his own particular orbit as a pianist, for he is a citizen of the whole world of music. Above all else, he hates the trivializing of music for commercial reasons, and has steadfastly refused to give in to managerial pressure to make his program choices diverting and easy to take. Why, he asks, should one devote one's life to the problems of interpreting Beethoven and Brahms, and then pretend that this music cannot be made understandable to audiences in the provinces?

I am afraid that I make Arrau's musical outlook sound dangerously narrow by emphasizing the basic discipline of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms that underlies his art. Actually his tastes are broad and his insights are many.

(Continued on page 28)

A City with a

SECRET

**An air of mystery
hangs over colonial Puebla, Mexico,
which has a past worth looking into**

Angélica Mendoza

Patio of the hidden Convent of Santa Monica, which has been turned into a state museum



Old colonial house, typical of Puebla's elaborate ornamentation

IT SEEMS AS IF time had come to a halt in Puebla de los Angeles, of all Mexican cities the one that is fondest—indeed, it is jealous—of its colonial traditions. Despite its mestizo inhabitants, it has the air of a Gothic city. In the hand-carved halls of its old mansions you can hear the vague murmur of antiquity. For hundreds of years the gilt-edged books that fill the shelves and cases of Bishop Juan Palafox's library have lain untouched. A breath of antiquity blows across the city's stone-paved patios and corridors, bright with the colored tiles that are the masterpiece of local artisans. A certain mystery hangs over the shadowed arches, and a sleeping peace issues from all the doorways. For this city that modestly displays its beauty also has its secrets.

You reach Puebla—eighty-four miles southeast of Mexico City—over a road that has a somewhat desolate

beauty. Along the plateaus and the mountain slopes runs a greenish-black band of pine groves; below, in the valley, you can make out villages and cities; above, the transparent light of a clean, high sky. And church towers and cupolas appear everywhere, first by the dozens, then by the hundreds, suggesting an immemorial landscape in the Holy Land.

In neighboring Cholula the church-flecked horizon gives the traveler a feeling of stupor. The presence of so many places of worship in such a small area expresses a determined will to deny existence, a manifest desire to assure one's place in the next world at the cost of life in this one. Airplanes fly overhead, and the procession of buses and automobiles along the highway is almost uninterrupted.

Puebla de los Angeles does not disappoint the traveler. It is quiet and manorial, with an aroma of piety and refinement. In the cloisters of the university one can

and lavishness unmatched elsewhere in America.

In the Rosary Chapel of the Church of Santo Domingo, which was opened to the people about 1690, the baroque displayed a beauty of style and prodigality of forms that served as an inspiration and model for all subsequent baroque in Mexico. It bursts out in a flood of gold, retablos, statues, and walls; in the midst of a lively forest of boughs, leaves, fruits, and birds rises the face of an angel or the head of a saint or a pope. But in the labyrinth of forms and extravagance of decorative motifs, dominated by curved lines, there is nevertheless a pre-established harmony. The columns, arches, and vaults are planned with mathematical precision. Space does not exist, for it is resolved and immobilized by the multiplicity of form. Looking at this chapel gives one a strange feeling of oppression, for its penetrating Oriental quality imprisons the imagination. In this expression of art there is no room for dissidence; it is the esthetic



Capital of the state of the same name, Puebla lies in the foothills of the Sierra Madre, is noted for its churches and ceramics

almost hear the echoes of old Scholastic debates above the clamor of today's ardent political quarrels. For these Mexican cities that seem so tranquil and pacified by religion provide a setting for violent passion in politics and love. Boredom, intolerance, and the enemies of the active life are bred in apparently soporific Puebla. In such a withdrawn environment, the sins of the flesh can be pardoned; but those of thought find only repudiation and the unquenchable flames of the inferno.

The city's basic craft—the manufacture of tiles—has made it famous. Tile is the universal watchword of all its elegant architecture and ornamentation. It is also a source of charm and color, for it has been wisely used, so that we never tire of its ingenuous and imaginative designs. We could say that the Puebla tiles represent the most successful example of mestizo craftsmanship in America, combining Mediterranean European tradition with Indian intuition. But the city and its surroundings reveal other mestizo art forms; there we find the richest, most opulent native baroque with a grandeur

language of an elaborate way of life, based on extravagance. But in Puebla's baroque we also find a thoroughly Mexican note: the hand of the Indian is evident in the variety of coloring, in the exuberance of the floral motifs, and above all in the portrayal of human and celestial figures. This combination of the Hispanic elements of religious faith and ritual with the fantastic and intuitive quality of the Indian gave Mexican baroque its national character. Mexico's independence began in art before the wars for liberation.

All this can be seen in the ingenuousness of the Indian statuary in the church of Santa María de Tonantzintla, in the polychrome facade of San Francisco de Ecatepec, and in the fantastic combination of reds and whites in the towers of the Sanctuary of Ocotlán. Even in the Puebla Cathedral, an opulent Renaissance work, the touch of the native hand shows up in the tile work of the towers and in the wood carvings. Both in the tiles and in the decoration of retablos we find the favorite colors of the anonymous pre-Hispanic artists: the greens

of tropical foliage, the reds of fire and sacrificial blood, the yellow of father sun, and the blue of the sky, the abode of the stars. Through the baroque, the mestizo and Indian people of the colony expressed their aspirations, their complaints, their dreams; what they could not put into words or action dissolved into a multitude of symbols. The materials used in the Puebla baroque also came from the American land; centuries before the churches and viceregal palaces were built, marble and stone had served to express ancient Mexican art's feeling for space and volume.

The sight of the Sanctuary of Ocotlán, erected on a height and surrounded by a dwarfed settlement, is a shock. It is so neat and perfect that it seems as if the artists and workmen had finished their job only yesterday. The pure white of the facade contrasts sharply with the red of the towers; white reappears in the cupolas that end in crosses typical of Mexico's excellent iron work. Within the church you feel the glory reflected in the abundance of whites and golds, the intricate retablos



Colonial church of Guadalupe, dedicated to country's patron saint

and altars, and the fabulous vision of the main altar and the chapel of the Virgin Mary. Outside, on the stone-paved terrace, familiar figures of the Mexican scene make the landscape human and real—a woman wrapped in her shawl, a barefoot boy playing, and nearby a farmer dressed in white, with a beribboned sombrero, accompanied by his burro. At the sanctuary's feet lies the humble village, its adobe houses painted a faded rose. The sharp-stoned streets are enlivened by children's voices, and the pealing of the bells fills the air.

Puebla de los Angeles is a city that resents innovations. In the midst of manorial houses showing obvious signs of daily living stands the absurdly fragile and extravagantly ornamented "Almond Paste House" (*Casa del*



Mexican film La Enamorada shows María Félix against background of Cholula church's Pueblan architecture

Alfénique). A few blocks from this masterpiece of colonial decoration the Cathedral raises its Renaissance bulk in the severity of a more rational style. Its two towers are similar to those of the Escorial monastery and palace near Madrid, and their cupolas are crowned in a brilliant display of red and yellow tiles. Three doorways topped by semicircular arches lead to its three naves. Inside follow rows of Doric pilasters and Ionic and Corinthian columns. Prodigiously rich figures cover the altars. The choir is unique in design, of colored woods beautifully carved in Moorish style. Outside, an iron grating of subtle and elaborate design surrounds the stone terrace. Three kings ruled in turn over Spain's imperial domains while the Cathedral was going up: Philip II, Philip III, and Philip IV. Six architects conceived the plan: Juan de Herrera (the architect of the Escorial), Juan Gómez de Mora, Fran-



At work on Talavera ceramic tiles in Puebla factory that has been operating for three generations

cisco de Becerra, Pedro Muñoz, Miguel Vallejo, and José Manso. Actual construction took generations—from 1562 to 1649.

Weighted with centuries and the nobility things achieve in the service of a universal idea, the Cathedral dominates the middle of the city. Unchanged by Mexico's tragedy during the thirty years of the Porfirio Díaz dictatorship, it did not notice the revolutionary hurricane that shook the country from 1910 to 1920. But close by the Cathedral, in an old colonial house, Aquiles Serdán and his family began the armed revolution on November 18, 1910.

A sunny afternoon and stimulating air make you want to seek out new, unknown experiences. Visiting the Museum of Santa Monica, a former convent, seems an appropriate way of reviving spirits exhausted by the baroque of the churches. The entrance to the museum has the appearance of one more of the old family houses that line Puebla's streets. People in their best clothes await their turn in the little vestibule. Someone invites the visitors to come in, and directs them to a small room containing primitive Mexican oil paintings and colonial furniture. After a few sibylline words, the curator points to a small door, rising no more than a yard from the floor, behind a china cupboard. The



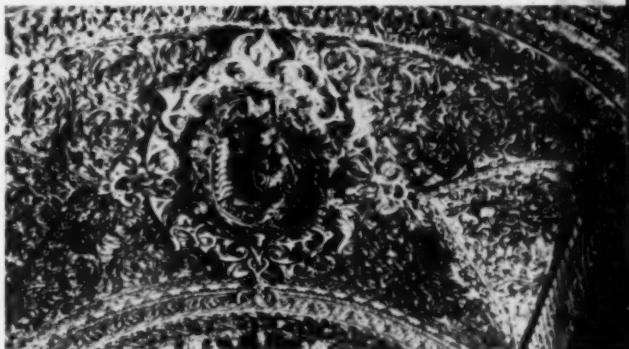
Fancy footwork is an asset in mixing clay for pottery making

visitors pass through, doubled over until they are virtually on all fours, and emerge on a series of dark passageways. From this moment on, impressions are violent and unexpected, creating an air of tension.

A narrow circular stairway leads to a high, dilapidated hall that receives light through a few small apertures facing the street. There is nothing special about it, until you discover a dense latticework grid. Attracted by this detail, you draw closer. Looking downward through this marvelous barrier, you see the inside of a church with altar and retablos. The gold of the statuary casts pale reflections, and the murmur of prayers rises faintly to your ears. Here, hidden by the lattice, generations of nuns secretly watched public religious services behind the back of the law. For after 1857, when the famous

Reform Laws went into effect, the convent of Santa Monica existed illegally.

When you reach a room in the convent used by the nuns for wakes when members of their community died, horror adds to the feeling of mystery. Here the wrinkled and blackened heart of a famous bishop and orator is preserved in a bottle. There is something depressingly cruel and primitive about the relic. It makes you think, by way of contrast, of an Aztec youth, centuries ago, climbing the Pyramid of the Sun to give his heart in sacrifice. That gesture had a certain barbaric grandeur that is lacking in the preservation of this Christian relic. Below, the doors of the cells open on a corridor running along a wide patio, green with plants. The ascetic atmosphere of the cell where the Mother Superior lived is accentuated by the emptiness of the room and the presence of an oil painting of Santa Monica. The cells



Chapel of Santo Domingo, built in 1659, is noted for its sculpture
of the nuns follow in line, and then, separated from these, those of the novices. In all you see flat wooden beds with hard pillows and no comforts. Rosaries and scapularies hang here and there. Austerity and monotony must have gone hand in hand during the long years of confinement.

The convent had its own chapel. You reach it through a corridor with whitewashed walls, on which hang sacred ornaments, prelates' cloaks, habits, and the hair shirts and tortures, the nail-tipped whips and the crowns of thorns, with which the nuns reminded their flesh of its essentially sinful and unworthy character. Then the chapel, with a pale, bleeding Christ on his cross in the subdued light admitted by a little window. The patio's flowering plants and the vine-covered well make a strangely idyllic setting. In years past, the echo of the songs and motets of the month of Mary and the lamentations of the *De Profundis* were contained within the walls of the patio, submerged in the silence of the protecting houses that surround the convent, shutting it out from the streets.

The crude realities of a century of Mexican history did not enter this home of withdrawal and peace. The iron hand of Benito Juárez had closed the convents, and the clergy's property had been transferred to the nation. The public wearing of habits was forbidden,

(Continued on page 41)



At Timken Roller Bearing Company's Kenton, Ohio, plant, foreign students chat with workers on mass production, union organization

"People speak to people"

Ohio State University program makes foreigners feel at home

Seth Spaulding

ALL NORTH AMERICANS are rich. Most of them are divorced. And drinking is their favorite pastime. At least that is what Enrique García of Ecuador believed when he first arrived at Ohio State University in Columbus. He picked up these notions in his own country from movies, cheap literature, and raucous tourists imported from the United States.

Enrique is one of thirty-five thousand foreign students from 120 countries in the United States this year. They have come to take up—in this order of preference—engineering, the liberal arts, social, medical, and physical sciences, business administration, religion, education,

agriculture, and fine arts. But they also want to learn about the United States, how its citizens live, think, and act.

There are several hundred students like Enrique at Ohio State. At a large university in a big city they revamp their original ideas in terms of what they see and feel. But the new impressions may be misleading, for college community life, especially on big campuses, is not always typical of the way most North Americans live.

Also, many foreign students are threatened by what anthropologists call "culture shock," due to the abrupt

change from a familiar environment to a completely new set of experiences. They tend to isolate themselves, seeking out only those from their own country, even developing an intense dislike for their strange new surroundings.

Ohio State has found a way for Enrique to make new friends and to get a real taste of U.S. life, while at the same time giving people in the surrounding towns a chance to understand something of his native culture. Launched in 1949 by Milton McLean, Coordinator of Religious Affairs, the plan is called "People Speak to People," a title borrowed from a UNESCO slogan.

Mr. McLean's idea is simple. Teams of five to twenty-five students from many different countries spend a few days in a grassroots community away from the college center of Columbus. Each one stays in a private home and participates in local gatherings, sharing experiences with farmers, teachers, businessmen, laborers.

The visit usually takes place over a weekend—from Friday afternoon to Sunday night—in a town generally a few hours' drive from the University. Upon arrival, the students are introduced to their hosts, who have been chosen in advance by a local sponsoring committee; a student interested in agriculture stays with a farmer, one studying law with a lawyer, and so on.

Turk Ilhan Özil learns how to tie a Windsor knot from Reverend Bob Harvey as hosts, the William Wedges, and daughter look on

After dinner in the home of the host, the visitors attend an open forum meeting, held at the high school or civic auditorium and attended by a broad cross-section of the local people. There the Ohioans learn about life in a Mexican Indian village, a Japanese school, a Turkish factory, an Egyptian home. They find out how young people "date" in Trieste, how Stockholm youngsters play hookey, how one buys food in Guatemala, what they do on Saturday night in Athens. And when the meeting breaks up, everyone marvels at the similarity of thought among people from every corner of the earth.

Saturday is a typical busy day in a small U.S. community. The students go to work with the man of the

house, help with the daily chores, or join the children in their work or play. Later in the day they may visit a farm, a factory, or a business establishment. At lunch, they are usually entertained by a church or civic group. The boy from India demonstrates how water is drunk



PSTP officials find that Latin Americans are usually intrigued with U.S. agricultural methods and farm machinery

by tilting the head back and pouring the water into the mouth without touching the glass. The Chinese girl shows how to eat with chopsticks. The Spanish American tells how to make *arroz con pollo*, and the Brazilian gives the recipe for *feijoada*, the dish of black beans, pork, and spices that is a favorite in his country. Often the sharpest curiosity is demonstrated by the visitors themselves, for they are as unfamiliar with other nationality groups as the local citizens.

Sunday morning provides another type of understanding. Students are invited to attend the church of their hosts, and are asked to speak either to an adult Sunday School class or at the morning service. A Buddhist speaks at the Methodist church. A Mohammediyan astonishes the Presbyterians with the information that his people believe in the Old Testament and that they know and respect Christ as a prophet. A Latin American Catholic speaks to a Catholic youth group.

On Sunday afternoon, the students return to the campus in time to study for Monday's classes. They leave the town not as casual acquaintances but as old friends, taking along as trophies of their trip everything from mason jars of goldfish to samples of ball bearings produced in the local factory. At the last minute, there is a hurried exchange of addresses as the hosts suggest friends for the students to look up in Columbus.

But the experience does not end there. One Japanese student fell seriously ill after returning to the University and was invited back to the home of his hostess for the period of his convalescence. After graduating from Ohio State, a young man from India, a specialist in mining, was given a job by his former host, who

was head of a mining company. A German youth cut short a tour of the United States to spend the last week with his "American parents" at Sidney, Ohio. A student of business administration from Egypt who spent a "People Speak to People" weekend with the manager of a J. C. Penney store was later invited by his new friend to go on a hunting trip to Canada—all expenses paid. A Japanese sent the names of some fifty Ohio high school students to Japan, starting an exchange of correspondence. A number of the foreign guests have written up their visits for publication in newspapers at home. The editor of one newspaper abroad sent a letter of appreciation to the Ohio community that entertained his young compatriots.

The advantage, of course, is not one-sided. As Mary Lou Pfeiffer, a community leader in Kenton, Ohio, put it: "We'll never forget the weekend they spent in our town. It was very touching when each student bade goodbye in his native tongue and then translated it into English. The local people who didn't take part in the



Whether from Bogotá or Bombay, foreign visitors end up at local soda fountains. "Where do they sell drugs?" many want to know

program missed an opportunity of a lifetime. They don't realize what an important part they can play in helping weld the United States into a world of peace."

In arranging a "People Speak to People" program, the initial request comes to the Religious Coordinator's office on campus from county agricultural agents, superintendents of schools, ministers, chairmen of women's groups, Rotary Club officials, and the like. They are asked to form a community-wide sponsoring committee which arranges for transportation and expenses. Information about the students is then sent to the sponsoring committee, which assigns each one to a home. Meanwhile, a chairman is appointed for the team of students that will make the trip; he may be a faculty member, the director of a student religious foundation, or an advanced foreign or U.S. student. Often a foreign visitor on one trip will later volunteer for this job on a future

visit. The team chairman generally visits the community in advance to make sure the program is well supported.

In the beginning skeptics said that students would not give the time required and that communities would not make careful preparations. Mr. McLean has found otherwise. Of the 221 international students at Ohio State this year, 75 per cent expressed an interest in the program. This means that men and women from the



Margot Scholl, Heidelberg, Germany, rings in on party line of typical rural U.S. telephone



On Ohio farm, Arthur Tye, from China, looks over library of his host, John Hastings

forty-eight nations represented on the Ohio State campus want to know America more intimately, and America to know them. Similarly, communities from all over Ohio are requesting "People Speak to People" programs, and with the help of the planning suggestions given by Ohio State, very few fall down in making arrangements.

During the planning stage, Ohio State watches carefully for danger signals. There is always the temptation for the hosts to put on company manners, so they are urged to be as informal as possible. The schedule is

scrupulously planned, but must not be too crowded. There is wide publicity so that the community will participate, but the people are advised not to turn the program into a gala holiday. Finally, they are gently warned against regarding their guest as an oddity. Fre-



Mrs. John Hastings learns all about chopsticks from Chinese visitor Josephine Tye



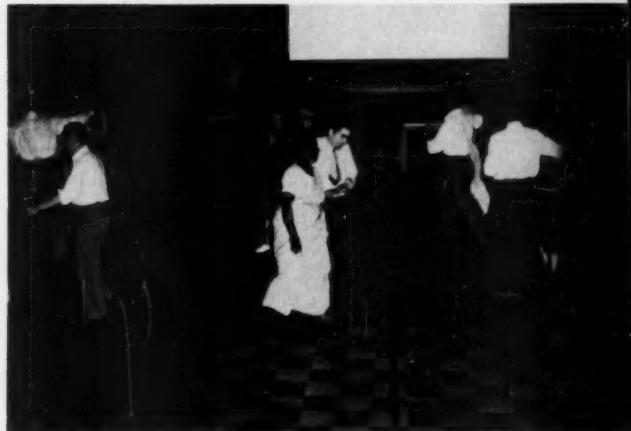
Popular Mrs. Hannah Charles, of India, a repeat visitor to Kenton, sings hymns with the children in the house where she stayed

quently, the second trip to a community is more successful than the first, for by that time the new and extraordinary aspects have worn off.

The Ohio State "People Speak to People" plan is a local example of a nation-wide interest in students from abroad. Those who would like to work out a similar program will be glad to know that universities in all the forty-eight states have some type of international student program, and educators working with students from abroad have formed the National Association of Foreign Student Advisers, with offices at 2 West 45th Street, New York City. This group makes available the *Handbook for Counselors of Students from Abroad*.

Another excellent handbook, with extensive bibliographical references, is *Counseling Foreign Students*, available from the American Council on Education, 744 Jackson Place, Washington, D.C. Also, the ACE has

recently published the report of the Staff of the Commission on Occupied Areas, *An Experiment in International Cultural Relations*, suggesting various kinds of experience important to foreigners. The Institute of International Education, 2 West 45th Street, New York City, has a series of publications that are helpful both to the newcomer and to the school and community where he is going to study. Information on scholarship opportunities for foreigners and for U.S. youths wishing to study abroad is also available from this source, although students in most countries should contact the local U.S. embassy or legation for information regarding exchange opportunities. Government-sponsored exchange programs are administered by the Division of Exchange of Persons, Department of State, Washington, D.C. The Com-



Swing your partners, do-si-do. Wherever they're from, Kenton's visitors become square dance fans

mittee on Friendly Relations Among Foreign Students, 291 Broadway, New York City, is especially interested in local "hospitality programs," and the American Friends Service Committee International Student Program, 20 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, conducts International Service Seminars for U.S. and foreign students each summer, with some scholarship aid available. These seminars offer participants an opportunity to live, eat, and work together in a stimulating atmosphere.

The Pan American Union offers guidance to both North and South Americans who would like to study in another area of the continent. Available also are a number of interest-free loans under the Rowe Fund for Latin Americans wishing to study in the United States. Dr. David Heft of the Division of Education is in charge of these services.

More and more foreign students should have the opportunity offered at Ohio State. As the booklet explaining the plan points out, "The best way to send information is to wrap it up in a person." When the Enrique Garcias, the Aramvalarthanathans, the Smiths, and the Joneses get together, they all change from vague entities in the dim distance to warm and stimulating friends.



Mounting the U.S. exhibit at
São Paulo Biennial: a Calder
mobile above, Noguchi sculpture
in left background, and Yves
Tanguy paintings

THE UNEXPECTEDLY LARGE CROWD that swarmed to the opening of the first international Biennial Art Exhibit in São Paulo, Brazil, last fall found the show ready and waiting, with few signs of the hectic activity that went into its preparation. In a city that is constantly hatching skyscrapers, most of the visitors had scarcely noticed the 260-foot, simple, modern front for the new exhibit hall going up in three months over the frame of an old, outmoded casino, the Trianon.

Inside, they found special rooms for collections representing the contemporary art of Uruguay, Chile, the United States, France, Belgium, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and the Netherlands, and for a specially arranged display of representative works of eight leading Brazilian

artists: painters Di Cavalcanti, Lasar Segall, and Cândido Portinari; sculptors Bruno Giorgi, Victor Brecheret, and Maria Martins; engravers Livio Abramo and Oswaldo Goeldi. Downstairs, they found works from Bolivia, Canada, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Austria, Japan, and Portugal, in country groups, plus many entries individually submitted by artists in Brazil and abroad. Simultaneously, the one thousand photographs of the International Architecture Exhibit were on view.

This impressive show was the dream of São Paulo's Museu de Arte Moderna, the little museum founded in 1948 by virtue of the stubborn idealism of a few intellectuals and the tireless persistence of a generous Macecenas,



industrialist Francisco Matarazzo Sobrinho. That institution had counted on winning around a hundred members, but some three thousand quickly joined up. Their enthusiasm and the vitality of local artistic circles made the museum expand its activities. The fact that various foreign governments entrusted it with large traveling exhibitions, that the Ministry of Education asked it to organize the Brazilian exhibit for the last Venice Biennial, and that the Museum of Modern Art of New York signed an exchange agreement with the young institution, opened international horizons for the Museu de Arte Moderna. Planning the Biennial was then a natural step.

The idea was simple enough: the show would include group exhibits from foreign countries, a display of the work of specially invited Brazilian artists, and individual entries subject to prior selection. Twenty-two foreign countries pledged support—they would send some 1,600 art works. In addition, 1,300 unsolicited pieces arrived, plus a hundred on request. Official and private organizations and individuals came forward with attractive prizes—awards, including the museum's purchase prizes, totalled two million cruzeiros, or about one hundred thousand dollars.

For the museum staff, the year's work of preparation was a novel adventure, but the most important thing they learned was that the universal horror of official red tape is grossly exaggerated. In only one case did an exporting country's customs delays keep an exhibit away, although financial problems blocked some others that were hoped for. The Brazilian diplomatic corps did yeoman service in clearing the way, and private institutions like New York's Museum of Modern Art, Haiti's Foyer des Arts Plastiques, and Japan's Kokusai Bunka Shinkokai set a stirring example in making their countries' representation possible. We only regret that twelve of the American nations were unable to send exhibits, and sincerely hope that all will be represented next time, for São Paulo aims to become an art center for the whole Hemisphere.

The scope of the show and the physical achievement of bringing it together, so thrilling to those of us who had a hand in it, nevertheless did not overshadow its artistic significance. It was a varied cross-section of the living art of today. New talents were emphasized, along with examples of the work of established masters.

France sent about two hundred pieces, representing the youngest artists, under the wing of Léger, Picasso, Masson, Rouault, and Villon. Italy headed its large display with the well-known names of Carrá, Morandi, Campigli, De Pisis, and Magnelli. Belgium was proud of its masters—Permeke, Magritte, Masereel—and of its newcomers, like Mendelsohn, or painters who contribute only occasionally, like Tytgat, who is an undeniable success. Like Belgium, the United States sent about 120 items. The committee appointed by the Museum of Modern Art in New York to choose them showed extreme eclecticism. If this may have detracted from the forcefulness of the grouping, at any rate it gave a good idea of the tremendous variety of contemporary U.S. art.

The smaller exhibits were no less interesting. Both

*First prize painting, international division:
Lovers in the Café by
Roger Chastel, France*



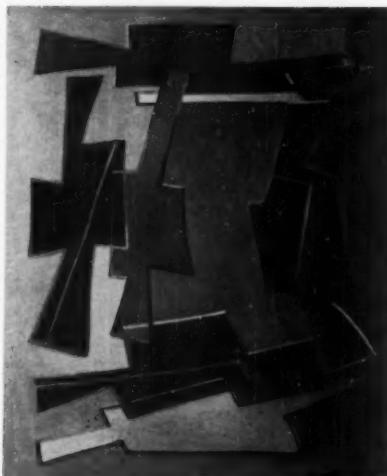
*Second prize for
foreign sculpture
went to Theodore
Roszack's Young Fury
(United States)*



*Indian and Deer took
first in national
sculpture for Victor
Brecheret*



*Second international
prize went to Alberto
Magnelli, Italy, for
Avec Mésure*



the hundred thousand visitors to the show and the critics learned to appreciate British engravings, "Westernized" Japanese works, Austrian drawings, and the ingenuous charm of the few Haitian, Dominican, and Panamanian contributions. They never overlooked the Cuban, Bolivian, Canadian, or Portuguese rooms, and came out talking of Portocarrero or María Núñez del Prado, Chile's and Uruguay's works, little known in Brazil, held their own with the European displays, with Uruguay paying special attention to its deceased masters.

In the Brazilian department, perhaps too many works succeeded in getting through the preliminary screening, and some critics complained that their favorite artists were not up to their usual standard, but we found truly forceful works both in the displays of the invited guests and among the unsolicited entries. Above all, our national artistic idiosyncrasies were clearly revealed, and the exhibit showed us very much as we are.

The entries were judged in two divisions, international

(for foreign group entries) and general (principally for Brazilians), by a jury made up of Emile Langui of Belgium, Jacques Lassaigne of France, Marco Valsecchi of Italy, Jan Van As of Holland, Eric Newton of Great Britain, René d'Harnoncourt of the United States, Jorge Romero Brest of Argentina, Wolfgang Pfeiffer of Germany, Tomas Santa Rosa and Sergio Milliet of Brazil, and myself as artistic director of the event. The architectural awards were made by Siegfried Giedion of Switzerland, Juso Sakura of Japan, Mario Pani of Mexico, and Brazilians Eduardo Kneese de Melo and Francisco Beck.

When the winners were announced, loud controversy ensued—but this was the normal and healthy battle of the various schools of art. The principal division was between the advocates of "figurative" art on the one hand and "non-figurative," or pure abstraction, on the other. The debate had nothing to do with geographical representation. It started when the first prize in the



Brazilian Heitor dos Prazeres' Sugar Mill won a purchase prize



Max Bill, Switzerland, created Tripartite Unity, won foreigners' sculpture prize



Repairing Nets earned a purchase prize for Edouard Pignon, France



Bruno Giorgi's Figure placed second in Brazilian sculpture

Danilo Di Prete's Lemons rated first place in Brazilian painting



international painting class was given to the Frenchman Roger Chastel, a semi-abstractionist with strong suggestions of figurative composition in his work, for his *Lovers in a Café*—in other words, a choice that would not satisfy the orthodox champions of either "party." That this was the source of the protests became clear when the first prize in sculpture was awarded to Swiss Max Bill, a frankly abstract, even mathematical artist, without any objection except from an unimportant communist paper that tried to show that the Biennial represented the quintessence of bourgeois decadence.

Giuseppe Viviani of Italy placed first in engraving and drawing, while the international architecture prize went to the acknowledged master Le Corbusier of France. In the Brazilian division, Danilo Di Prete took first in painting with his *Lemons*, while Victor Brecheret led the sculpture. Oswaldo Goeldi triumphed in engraving and drawing, Oscar Niemeyer and Affonso Eduardo Reidy in architecture, and Robert Tatin in ceramics.

All in all, the feuds were within the family, for all the paintings, statues, and engravings in this decidedly cosmopolitan show belonged to the common family of modern art.

The public in any case formed its own judgments, and its response—sales of exhibited works amounted to one million cruzeiros or about fifty thousand dollars—proved that modern art has won full recognition in Brazil. Nowhere could it have been more fittingly demonstrated than in São Paulo, where the new art dramatically entered the scene during the Modern Art Week of 1922.

It was the Biennial's aim to establish lasting relations between Brazilian art and that of other countries, and we trust that its success will be demonstrated by even wider participation in the second of the series. This will be held at the end of 1953, extending into 1954 as a part of the official celebration of the fourth centenary of Brazil's first industrial city.

VENEZUELA'S

Juan Liscano

ON THE DAY of the Corpus Christi festival—the Thursday after Trinity Sunday—residents of many Venezuelan towns and villages appear in the garb of devils. Sometimes they are members of organized societies, as is the case in San Francisco de Yare and the port of Turiamo, both in Miranda State. But elsewhere the ritual function may be entrusted to a single masked man, who wanders through the town performing his "deviltries" amid the laughter and shouting of young and old.

The Spaniards brought the custom to our shores. The celebration of Corpus Christi in Spanish America was established by royal decree in the second half of the sixteenth century. The order specified that the festival should feature performances and parades of people representing dragons, little devils, and giants, as was done in Spain. Festivities included dramatic presentations and dances. In the records of the Cabildo of Caracas there is a bill from Melchor Monteverde for a dance he composed for Corpus Christi Day in 1595.

Enrique Bernardo Núñez, chronicler of Caracas, reported in his book *La Ciudad de los Techos Rojos* (The City of Red Roofs) that the office of *Mayordomo de Propios y Recaudador de Rentas* (Manager of Public Property and Collector of Revenue) was established in 1758 to take over the functions formerly assigned to the *Procurador General*. From then on this official was responsible for the expenses of the Corpus Christi dragons, giants, and devils. In 1780 torrential rains destroyed "the room where the Corpus Christi figures were kept, and the following May the Manager of Public Property announced the total loss of the dragon and giants." The Governor decided to eliminate the traditional figures, but the people continued to make dragon outfits and costumes and masks representing devils and other grotesque figures at their own expense. Toward the end of the nineteenth century the genre writer Luis D. Correa told of a parade of giants and devils through the Santa Rosalia district in the capital on the occasion of Corpus Christi. And in his novel *Pobre Negro*, Rómulo Gallegos describes a dance of diabolical masked figures on the terrace of a village church, unmistakably suggesting the rite of the devil dancers of San Francisco de Yare, captured in the accompanying pictures by Ricardo Razetti, one of Venezuela's top photographers.

Giants and dragons no longer take part in the parades. The only dancers are devils with horned masks and varied costumes intended to suggest the serpent's scales or simply the red dress of hell, with tinkling bells hanging from their belts and maracas in hand. However, in 1939, in the town of Curiapo, I came across a dragon's head carved of wood, more than a hundred years old. It belonged to a family that would not part with it for any price. They explained that in former times several yards of painted cloth were attached to the head, covering a flexible wooden frame that was moved by several men. It was the classic Corpus Christi dragon that used to dance through the streets with the devils and giants. The monumental head that remained inspired a certain mysterious respect, as if some occult power emanated from it.

These devils stem from the early Middle Ages, from creations inspired by the dualistic concept—of the Kingdoms of Light and Darkness—of the Manichaeans. They made their way into the festival of Corpus Christi (established by Pope Urban IV in his bull "Transitus" of September 8, 1264) through the performances of allegorical plays and mysteries, and the popular parades of monsters with which humanity freed from the "fear of the millennium" celebrated its renaissance, its faith in life, by incarnating liturgical concepts. There is not space here to study the mechanism of creating the Corpus Christi festivities, a brilliant achievement of the Church, through which it channeled pagan rites, carnival outbursts inherited from the Romans and from the Dionysian courts, barbarous practices of Nordics and Celts, and licentious ceremonies like the "mad games" and "mocking games" and the Feast of the Ass, toward the clear outlet of Catholic ceremony.

As Adolfo Salazar explained in his monumental *La Música en la Sociedad Europea*, the Corpus Christi devils, dragons, religious plays, parades, and processions entered Spain by way of Catalonia, coming from Italy. Corpus Christi was not celebrated in Spain until 1322; performances were added to the festival in 1394. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the Corpus Christi festival not only took on its greatest folkloric splendor but also led to the birth of the Spanish religious theater and the drama of the Golden Age. The devils then moved to the stage, at their best, most communicative moment was to be in the Corpus Christi procession, when, armed

devil dancers

with bladders and bells, they opened the way for the cortege through the admiring crowd. Cervantes, in the encounter with the troupe playing *The Parliament of Death* (*Don Quixote*, Part Two, Chapter XI), introduces the actor who plays the devil and "one of the company . . . dressed in a mummer's costume, with many bells and with three cow's bladders on the end of a stick. Approaching Don Quixote, the clown began brandishing his stick, beating the ground with the bladders, and leaping high in the air to the jingling accompaniment of his bells. This terrifying apparition so frightened Rocinante. . . ." The tinkling little devil armed with bladders is the one who traveled to America along with superstitions, the language, and the faith. It was he who lent his costume and his mask to the Negro slaves of San Francisco de Yare and Turiamo in the early days of Venezuelan history. The mask hid the ritual words and prayers of the African priest torn from his homeland.

The Spaniards' little devils protected the magicians and members of African secret societies, who could carry on their ancestral rites or renew the bonds of their ancient fraternities without arousing the suspicions of the white men. Moreover, during the time of slavery, the society of masked dancers, whose members could wear their ceremonial costume once a year without the white men's knowing it, extended its brotherly concern to mutual assistance and the defense of the slave and his family.

The years passed. Came the war of independence and the establishment of the Republic. In 1854 Congress decreed the abolition of slavery at the request of the president, General José Gregorio Monagas. The Negroes continued their "devil dancing" at Corpus Christi time. The old secret mutual aid society and its initiated members were converted, in the light of freedom, into a society of Catholic believers in charge of the Corpus Christi festivities. In San Francisco de Yare the devil dancers have the title Society of the Most Holy Sacrament of the Devils of Yare. Thanks to their age-old devotion, the festivals are still carried on as tradition prescribed. The rite is a combination of the various elements that went into the celebration of this feast—religious drama, processions, and parades of monsters. Such is the universal process of culture: hybridization of rites, religions, peoples, and races, in search of a creative synthesis.

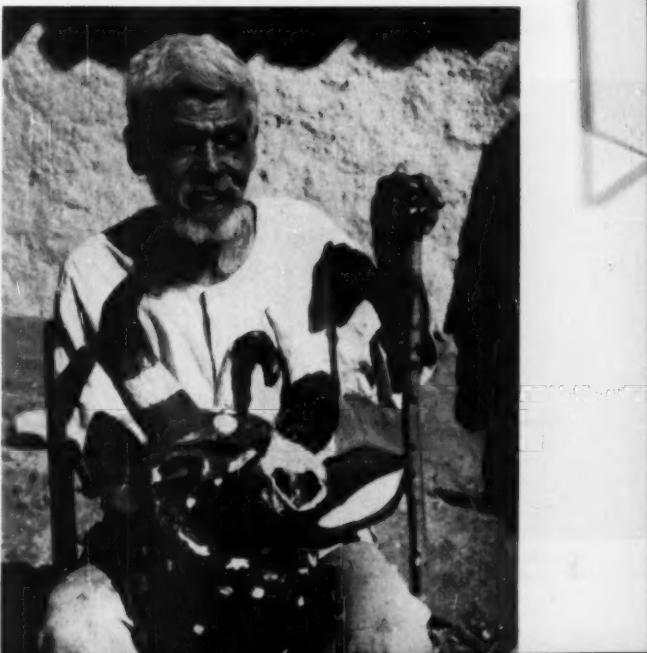
Manuel Portero Moronta, a painter and maker of masks and former leader of the devil dancers, who died last year at age of 85



The town of San Francisco de Yare, almost hidden by trees, lies on lands that once belonged to the Bolívar family



Ancient bells in two-hundred-year-old church tower call the faithful to Mass and devil dancing on Corpus Christi Day





1 At the third peal of the church bells on Corpus Christi Day the "devils" surge forth, dancing to the sound of a drum



2 The dance proceeds on the terrace of the church until Mass begins. Looking down from the bell tower



5 At the doorway they kneel, bend over, then rise and return to their places, dancing backwards



6 After morning ceremonies, the dancers scatter through the town. Here three pose gaily for photographer



9 After the Host has been returned, "devils" go on to Stations of the Cross. Later still they will dance the bamba



10 Leader presides over the bamba, final dance in devil costume. He represents "transculturized" African tribal king



3 Dancers wait contritely during Mass. Some dance in fulfillment of religious pledges, all belong to the society for life



4 After Mass, the "devils" resume their celebration, moving toward the church door, two by two



7 In the afternoon, dancers wait at the church for procession of the Host to start



8 During the procession around the plaza, the dancers constantly face the Holy Sacrament, carried under a cloak



11 His co-leader, called the Mother, appears only in last ceremony, represented tribal queen in days of slavery



12 Today's devil dancer is neither Spanish nor African; he is a Venezuelan, a man of a new, mixed race, a people born of fusion

CLAUDIO ARRAU

(Continued from page 11)

Thoroughly conservative in temperament, he has never aroused himself, to be sure, to any significant interest in the music of our own time. He sees himself as a medium through which the great voices of the past speak. He is interested in the tried and true aspects of music, not the experimental ones. Within these limits, however, his mind ranges far and wide. As Rudolph Elie, Jr., wrote in the *Boston Herald*, "He plays French music as French music, Spanish as Spanish, German as German, and no one could mistake one for the other." Or as Arrau himself put it: "Every composer has his own special piano sound. Many pianists nowadays want to make all music sound like Rachmaninoff. It is an important part of the pianist's task to give the music of each composer its own unique sound."

Arrau lives up to his definition of the pianist's task by maintaining an enormous repertoire. Some of the



Romping in the garden with Ian, his Great Dane

great virtuosos of the past, such as Ignace Paderewski and Anton Rubinstein, sustained their reputations by playing a limited number of pieces over and over. Although Arrau is naturally in demand among symphony orchestras as soloist in such challenging masterpieces as Beethoven's G Major Concerto and Brahms' B Flat, he is actually ready to play no fewer than sixty-one other works with orchestra. In the field of solo literature, he knows enough music to fill seventy-six different recital programs. Nor is this a mere feat of memory, for Arrau's comprehension of the differences in style among these hundreds of pieces is as extraordinary as his technical prowess.

While Arrau now makes his headquarters in New York, where his manager, Arthur Judson, has his office, he maintains his Chilean citizenship. His mother still lives in Chile, and he is devoted to his native country. Although Chileans occasionally feel that Arrau neglects them because his international commitments do not allow

him to play there as often as they—or he—would like, he returns to Chile as often as he can. This summer he will go back to see his mother and to appear in five recitals.

Usually, however, after a season of more than a hundred concerts on three or four different continents, Arrau is ready to settle down in his home on Long Island, half an hour outside New York City. Here he leads a conservative family life with his wife and two children. Not always a very quiet one, however, for Mrs. Arrau confesses that it is impossible to maintain peace and quiet "when our Great Dane comes rushing into the house or our children bring in a crowd of little friends to play."

Arrau is fond of showing friends what he calls "the spoils of my travels." Scattered about the house—as much as possible out of reach of the Great Dane's wide-swinging tail—are rare African sculptures picked up in Europe and South Africa; antique furniture, silver, and glass from various points in the United States and Europe; modern South American and Italian Renaissance paintings; and an extensive library of books and music. Mrs. Arrau, who gave up a career in Europe as a motion-picture actress at the time of her marriage, finds that the care of the collection fills many an hour when her husband is off globe-trotting.

Those who have known his playing over the years find that it is becoming constantly more human. For this ripening of his art he can partly thank his wife, thirteen-year-old Carmen, and eleven-year-old Mario. For they help him to remember always that music, however important it may be in its own right, is part of a larger concern called life. And it is the reflection of the whole of life in his playing that makes him an artist of true international stature, an artist to whom Chile rightly rendered homage by naming one of the streets of Santiago in his honor.



Arrau poses under Santiago street sign bearing his name.
To hear him Chileans pay scalpers up to twenty-five dollars

OAS

ECOCLASHEES



At a recent PAU reception, Mrs. Clarence Norton Goodwin (center), founder with Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower and Mrs. Robert McCullough of the famous White House Spanish-Portuguese Study Group, received from members of the Organization of American States a testimonial in tribute to her work. The award was made by the Vice Chairman of the OAS Council, Ambassador Rafael Heliódoro Valle of Honduras (left). Guests also heard from Mexican Amalia de Castillo Ledón (right), Chairman of the Inter-American Commission of Women. Devoted to "more general understanding of the art, literature, and culture of Latin America," Mrs. Goodwin's group received its name when Mrs. Harry S. Truman hospitably opened the doors of the White House to its meetings, now held at the Pan American Union.

En route from Port-au-Prince to Europe, Mrs. Paul Magloire (left), wife of Haiti's President, paid a quick visit to Washington. On hand to greet the first lady as she stepped off a plane at National Airport were two of the island republic's distinguished envoys: OAS Ambassador Joseph L. Déjean (left, rear) and Ambassador to the United States Paul Léger (with dark glasses, carrying hat).



On his way to his new post as Brazilian Ambassador to the United States, Dr. Walther Moreira Salles (second from right) flew to New York City, whence he entrained for Washington. With him at Pennsylvania Station is a group of his countrymen including (from left) : Mario da Câmara, representative of the Brazilian Treasury; Carlos Bernardes, first secretary of Washington's Brazilian Embassy; and Valentim Bouças, noted economist, industrialist, and businessman.



To celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of its Independence, the Cuban government held a luncheon recently at Washington's Mayflower Hotel. Among the prominent diplomats who attended were (from left) : Uruguayan Ambassador Dr. José A. Mora; Edward G. Miller, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs; Cuban Ambassador Aurelio F. Concheso; and OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras.



In the United States on a four-month visit to study English language teaching methods under the U.S. Government Travel and Maintenance Grant program, a group of educators from Africa, Asia, Europe, Latin America, and the Philippines made it a point to visit the Pan American Union when they came to the nation's capital. Among them, the Hemisphere was represented by teachers from Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Peru, and Uruguay. After a brief stay in Washington, for orientation at the American Language Center of American University, the group will proceed to English teaching centers around the country.

a date for AMERICA

Time: August 2 - September 6

Place: University of Maryland, College Park

Purpose: Inter-American Seminar on Vocational Education

Guillermo Nannetti

A DISTINCTION is often made between pragmatic, mechanically-minded Anglo-Saxon America and humanistic, totally impractical Latin America. Yet under the right circumstances Latin Americans have displayed as much ability in technical fields as anyone else. This is particularly evident in the furious pace at which countries like Brazil, Mexico, Chile, and Argentina have been industrializing in the past decade.

Ever since colonial times, American thinkers have raised their voices in favor of training the Latin American in practical skills. The consciousness of that need is about to be translated into action with a decision of the American nations to stimulate vocational training

in Latin America by holding a continent-wide seminar on ways to go about it.

The seminar, which will be held at the University of Maryland in College Park, may acquire historic significance. For with this decision it becomes evident that quite apart from the volume of investments, the size of export markets, credit, currency, equipment, and transportation, the primary factor in production is man himself. It shows a keen awareness that the difference between an illiterate and an educated population is reflected in a given country's economy. It demonstrates a realization that lasting prosperity can come only from strengthening the spontaneous productive forces, that

Educators from this continent and Europe will converge on the vast campus at College Park to discuss the technique of teaching techniques



production stems primarily from intelligence and grows in direct ratio to popular education. Clearly, vocational education must be made to correspond to the level of industrial development and to the demand for skilled labor.

Nor does this mean that predominantly agricultural countries can neglect technical training. In the majority of the Latin American nations, the internal economy and the country's purchasing power in international markets depends on the farmer's productive capacity. By the same token, a wide demand for consumer goods on the part of a prosperous agricultural class is essential to develop commerce and industry.

From the social point of view, it cannot be denied that any measure designed to raise the standard of living will fail without the conscious efforts of the rural population. Land, housing, credit, and public health



Oldest building on campus is Rossborough Inn, dating from 1798, first stop on the Old Post Road from Alexandria, Va., to Boston policies are almost inoperable if the country people are not taught how to acquire and cultivate land, how to use the housing or credit, how to participate in the health measures.

There is not a single Latin American country in which the gap between the trained and the untrained farmer is not apparent. Just as obvious are the extraordinary accomplishments of the Danes, the Germans, the Swiss, and the Japanese, in diverse climates and regions, using the same resources as the native Latin Americans. The difference in production between the aliens and the nationals must be attributed solely to better technical preparation. The same thing is true of commerce wherever the native businessman is displaced by the immigrant versed in the latest methods of selling, distribution, and credit.

Another aspect essential to the vocational training of a people is home-making. For the woman's cooperation is just as indispensable as the farmer's in raising living standards. This branch of education has scarcely been touched in the various Latin American countries.

What can we Latin Americans hope for from the development of vocational education? What can the educators who gather at the seminar suggest for Latin America?

Let's look at the figures to see how far Latin American nations are lagging behind in vocational training, using as samples three countries representing Europe and America:

Country	Students attending agricultural, industrial, and commercial schools	Percentage of the total population
United States	1,800,000	1.37
Denmark	88,000	2.02
A leading Latin American country	3,400	0.00029

This is like taking a blood count. For the figures reveal, with the precision of a laboratory analysis, the capacity of a people to make the most of its resources.

For the Latin American country to match Denmark's achievement, 2,000 new technical schools would have to be opened and the number of apprentices stepped up from 3,400 to 270,000. In other words, it would need ninety times its present facilities for vocational training.



At Heidelberg, Germany, on Neckar River, University of Maryland maintains headquarters for education of armed forces in Europe

With a few exceptions, all the Latin American nations face similar situations. To a greater or lesser degree all are faced with the problem of large numbers of young people who cannot afford to attend a university and who therefore enter the labor market without adequate preparation. As a start, vocational or technical education has been established in some countries to offer short courses, below the university level, to students who have finished primary school.

The urgency of the question for the Americas is apparent in the wide participation in the five-week seminar, which will open on August 2. Sponsored by the Organization of American States, the International Labor Office, UNESCO, the Institute of Inter-American Affairs, the U.S. Office of Education, and the University of Maryland, the inter-American gathering will be attended by delegates from every American country. British, French, and Swiss experts will lend a hand. And observers from the Near East and the Philippines

(Continued on page 41)



MASTERPIECE A-BORNING

ONE OF THE GREATEST BOOKS in Brazilian literature was not written by a literary man at all. When he wrote *Os Sertões* (published in English as *Rebellion in the Backlands*), Euclides da Cunha was a practicing engineer who had spent some time as a journalist. Yet the book—an account of the siege of Canudos, Bahia State, in 1896-97, in which the backland natives held out to the last man against the armies of the government—went into a second edition two months after it appeared in 1902, and is always spoken of, by Brazilian and foreign critics alike, in superlatives. In the daily *O Estado de São Paulo*, Raimundo Menezes tells how it came to be published:

"Euclides da Cunha finished *Os Sertões* in São José do Rio Pardo [a small town in northern São Paulo State]. He had written it 'in the midst of the infernal noise of hammers, of iron beams and bellows,' while he was rebuilding the famous bridge. When the bridge was finished, the book was too—like twins.

"His close friend Francisco Escobar took charge of having it recopied. He knew a police sergeant with a very fancy hand who undertook the difficult task. It took a few weeks, but finally, with the big bundle under his arm, Euclides took a train to São Paulo and went straight to the offices of *O Estado de São Paulo*, for which he had been a reporter at Canudos. Several chapters had already appeared in that newspaper, and he wanted to serialize the rest. But the package was so huge . . . that it seemed impossible

to publish it in a paper of only a few pages. Six months later, returning to São Paulo, he found his bundle covered with dust at the newspaper office. He picked it up and left for Rio.

"Before that, however, he armed himself with a letter of introduction to Garcia Redondo, an engineer and writer like himself, and to Lucio de Mendonça, then Justice of the Federal Supreme Court. It was December 1901. Around eleven o'clock in the morning he knocked on the door of the Justice's home. The Justice was getting ready for lunch, but he received him, and was immediately impressed with 'the most brilliant intelligence' he had ever met with. He didn't even mind postponing lunch and being late for work afterward.

"He sent Euclides right away to old Massow, then director of the publishing house Casa Laemmert. . . . When the publisher saw the lengthy manuscript, he was skeptical. He asked the author to leave it, so he could think it over. . . . Meanwhile, Euclides tried the *Jornal do Commercio*, for he still thought of serializing the book. But in vain.

"Finally, old Massow, after several days of thinking, and still fearful, decided to publish the work. It was agreed that Euclides should pay fifteen hundred cruzeiros [U.S.\$75].

"The writer, who was then living in the town of Lorena, went back to his engineering work and waited for a call from the publisher. The year 1902 was full of anxiety for his restless temperament. He thought of many things.

"But one day he received the anx-

iously awaited letter from Massow: the book had been printed, and Euclides was to come and see it before it was put on sale. He went that same night. When he got off the train, he ran madly to the printer's.

"His hands trembled as he held the first copy. He opened it at random. And, by chance, he found a misprint right away, which made him shudder. It was an *a* with a wrong accent. He went on reading, and saw a misplaced comma, and other mistakes. That made him even more nervous. Horrors!

"He decided to talk to Massow—the book could not come out with so many typographical errors. The old man was horrified. So Euclides offered to correct all the two thousand copies himself, one by one. Patiently, . . . with a penknife, Euclides erased the misplaced accent and comma. And for several days and nights he carefully made corrections copy by copy—eighty typographical errors, or a hundred and sixty thousand erasures.

"Just as he finished that work, something else started to worry him. The book was supposed to go on sale at once, but the Baron of Rio Branco was due in Rio the next day. The author was sure nobody would buy it amid the festivities of the diplomat's arrival. So he begged the publisher to hold off for a few days.

"He fled to Lorena, arriving at three in the morning, feeling more and more nervous. He decided not to stay there, where he was so well known. He must go away, go to some distant place where no one would recognize him, for he was convinced that the book would be a flop. But where would he go? He left the train and traveled on

horseback through the woods, without destination, for eight days. Finally he felt tired, homesick for his family. And he kept reproaching himself: 'Why should I have involved myself in this?' He fancied his reputation as an engineer ruined because he had dared write a book without being a writer. . . .

"Thus tired and overwrought, he decided to return, no matter what. He must find out, get some sort of news. While waiting for the express train in Taubaté, he felt hungry and went into the restaurant. Meanwhile, a train pulled in from Rio. The crowd scrambled off and invaded the dining room. Then Euclides saw something incredible; a tall, bearded man in a duster, with a book under his arm. He looked again and saw the title, *Os Sertões*. Without hesitation, he approached the man and asked, 'Would you mind letting me see that book?' The man, visibly annoyed, consented. The writer looked at the cover in amazement. There was no doubt; it was *Os Sertões*. 'Thank you very much,' he said, politely. He felt like embracing the man but restrained himself.

"Mail was awaiting him in Lorena—letters and newspapers from Rio. One was from the publisher. He read it at a glance. The publisher confessed he was 'amazed at the sales—in a week nearly one thousand copies had been sold.' He told about the success, the favorable reviews, the genuine sensation caused by the work. . . .

"Considering the time, the author's financial return was considerable. . . . Within three years Euclides, the perfectionist, started correcting, erasing, changing words, and preparing the text for the fourth edition. . . . The original, full of changes and erasures, is now a bibliographical rarity, in the private collection of Dr. Belisario Tavora. It has fifteen hundred carefully counted corrections. . . .

"Euclides had a special tenderness for his successful book. In a letter to his father he called the volume 'your fine grandson.' . . .

"Among Euclides' belongings were found fragments of a little-known diary written in 1902, the difficult year when the book was so timidly launched.

Here are some excerpts that throw light on the famous work: 'I wrote it in fifteen-minute periods, in time spared from my hard engineering work. And besides, if we consider that . . . it is easier to conceive of two beings existing at the same time in the same space than of two thoughts in the same brain, we will easily understand all the faults, all the flaws. I am not denying them. I was the first to be amazed at the royal reception it encountered, and I decided it was not so much because of its value but because the public recognized it had been written with great sincerity. I wrote the book for the future. Through a series of circumstances I could not avoid I was forced to witness a painful drama of our history, and I wrote it down later with the same serenity as Euclid telling the history of the Peloponnesian War, without believing the first witnesses I met or my own impressions, but telling only the events that I actually saw or about which I had reliable information; I wanted it to be able to withstand any protest or accusation it might come up against. So I brought it out without an introduction or a sponsor. I wanted to face the participants in the struggle alone, completely isolated in the great weakness of my unknown name. And I did. But the protests did not come. They couldn't come—for they would be rashly defying the inflexible truth of the facts. They shouldn't come—

for they would be fruitlessly fighting the triumphant forces of truth. Today I am surrounded by the great moral support of public opinion in my country, which I did not ask for. And I can calmly go back to my humble worker's tent, back to my tiring engineer's work.'

"And to think that Euclides started it all unexpectedly. . . . In 1897 he took over for Canudos as a correspondent for *O Estado de São Paulo*. There, like another Kipling describing the military operations of Lord Roberts, he wrote the most beautiful letters ever published in a Brazilian newspaper, although they were written without any reference material, in the confusion of the battle. . . . Those letters contained the germ of the marvelous book, which Euclides later put together in the shack at São José do Rio Pardo where he was chief engineer in charge of rebuilding the bridge. During the day he directed the work, and at night he wrote his book."

CALL THAT ART?

ECUADORIAN ARTIST Eduardo Kingman has had plenty of opportunity to observe the public's reaction to contemporary art—and it's not one he is especially pleased with. In the *Revista Ecuatoriana de Educación*, he comes up with a reason for it:

"How often we hear people say: 'I like art very much, but I don't understand what the artists are doing.' Or



Carlos Estevão, cartoonist of *O Cruzeiro*, Rio de Janeiro, interprets "The Force of Destiny"

'I'm very fond of painting although I've never painted,' or 'I always come to exhibitions because I'm attracted by works of art, but artists nowadays do things I can't figure out.' We hear expressions of this sort even from people linked with, or belonging to, intellectual groups, so we are not surprised to hear them from that heterogeneous, sensitive multitude that wants to understand the artistic phenomenon.

"This is the multitude that moves from work of art to work of art in mute contemplation, with sensitivity alert for the lesson of the form, and permanently disposed to be satisfied with whatever explanation can be found. The ordinary man, the weaver, the small businessman, the carpenter, the student, the dressmaker, the white-collar worker, all suffer because they do not find or are not offered a satisfactory explanation of what the arts mean. With the best will in the world, they try to find the reason for an arbitrary color, the formation of a line, or the brusque rupture of artistic concepts accepted through the ages. If instinct and reasoning do not finally lead them to the unraveling of certain arbitrariness in art, a bitter question lodges inside them, a sensation of emptiness begins to quench the enormous interest they feel in these problems, and a strong vexation is left with them, like an attained victory in life itself.

"As for modern art in particular, this uncomfortable position among people who feel a lively attraction to things produced by the spirit of others is not altogether surprising among Ecuadoreans. In fact, they might almost be considered justified by reason of the slow cultural develop-

ment of the country, its distance from the great centers where ideals are forged, and its lack of contact with the expressions of universal culture. Present-day art meets irritated resistance in all parts of the world. Its admission to galleries and museums has taken place with cautiously handled eyeliners, and almost furiously, with care that the warning glance of the watchdogs of good taste should not fall upon the daring attempt against the sacred rights of esthetics. A few months ago, after half a century of argument or contempt, the Royal Academy in London finally admitted that the modern school of Paris could be considered art, and opened its doors to allow the British public to judge the work of Utrillo, Rouault, Chagall, Léger, and Matisse. Great enthusiasm for the exhibition was evident among the young spectators; but the old guard of artists, critics, and connoisseurs refused to capitulate, emphatically denying the quality of contemporary French art.

"This simple example shows us the enormous discrepancy between the public and the artists—or, better, between the always reborn vision of creators and the static or poorly guided vision of the public. The reactions of our public, then, are not surprising, for it is much less educated than many others for contemplation of the new esthetic and for the new attitude the spectator should adopt before the freedom with which form is handled in our time. Thus the public's cold response to young work, its intransigence in conceding it spontaneous applause, and the tenacious resistance accorded new, unfettered work by the same multitude

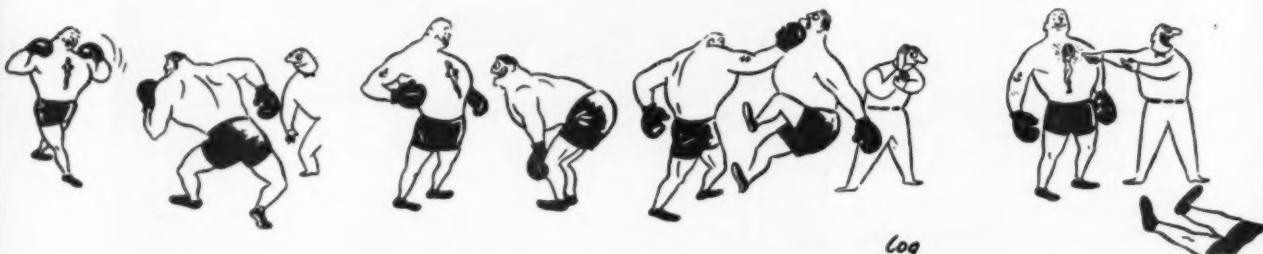
that wishes to approach it, is almost justified.

"But it is when we feel imprisoned by a great pessimism that we understand that the public is equally unfit to judge, understand, and place on its proper level the accomplishments of our previous generations of artists; that an unconscious reverence is not even maintained for the gods of the past, and the noblest expressions of our ancestors are threatened with ruin, for lack of a few men to keep their memory alive. . . . This double pessimism is born of the unhappy truth that the history of this country is taught from a certain few angles, and others that contribute to our national structure are avoided.

"It is not possible to criticize the incompleteness of vision of our people, who, I repeat, are ever willing to learn the lesson of beauty; but the scant care given to teaching them the whole history of our country should be criticized. . . . After being taught its most important events and the names of its heroes, [the student] should be given an idea of those who helped to form the nation with their brushes, pencils, or chisels. . . .

"Though cultural history is taught in our schools, colleges, and universities, this phase of it apparently represents a chapter unworthy of being spread about among our young people. If two or three names from our art history are transmitted to the younger generations, all the rest, together with the extraordinary significance of the volume of work they achieved, are discreetly withheld. This lack of esthetic education among our people leads fatally to a partial vision of the culture of our country, to an inversion

GOLPE BAIXO



Cartoon from Brazil's new illustrated weekly, *Manchete*, which made its bow on April 26. Published in Rio de Janeiro, it features

an impressive list of contributors, excellent picture stories, and feature articles of general interest

of plastic values (the genre painter in 'tourist style' acquires sonorous resonance for many people), and to a sense of unfitness to judge a manifestation of beauty surely and accurately. . . . [This ability] depends on initiating our youth into our artistic past and the road traveled in their time by other men of sensitivity.

"The artist is born, grows, and develops alone; hence it is impossible that the education given in school should produce men who will devote themselves with fervor to cultivating the arts. Nor is it possible that this basic preparation will bring forth scholars in the esthetic disciplines. But with educational work on the historical value of artistic culture and the role artists play in society, we shall achieve an awakening of enthusiasm for art and respect for those who build part of the spiritual structure on which society rests, and which survives it, despite the harshness of some ages."

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

"IT IS SAID," remarks an anonymous contributor to the pocket-sized Argentine monthly *Continente*, "that Buenos Aires has more haberdasheries than almost any other city in the world." This, he believes, is true, and he goes on to analyze the Buenos Aires dandy:

"What do careful show windows say to our spirit, those windows in which ties are lined up in absolute order, impeccable shirts and the most correct and well-made suits are displayed, or rich fabric is spread out in a sober waterfall? Behind it all there is a psychological justification. The 'articles for gentlemen' cannot compare with the summery and even gaudy note of show windows for women, in which bold prints fill the street with a wild dazzle. Nevertheless, U.S. style is beginning to make inroads, and it is possible that some houses we consider 'serious' may dare, without impropriety, to expose wide neckties, blinding as a tropical landscape, or summer garments that are a crossbreed of a man's shirt with a woman's flowered kimono.

"The man of Buenos Aires is elegant, as elegant as the Buenos Aires woman. This parallelism is almost unique in the world, for in other places, as a rule, only the woman pays



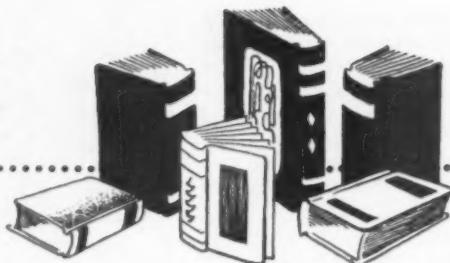
attention to details in dress. The man puts on a shirt of any old color, trousers bagging at the knees, a plaid jacket, and triple-soled boots, and is happy. His worth lies in what he is or is not. Thus in other countries a great professor can risk appearing in class in sport clothes. We do not demand the frock coat, but neither will we tolerate, in such high places, the loud checked shirt, the short sleeve, the pleated trousers. We have the taboo of 'front.' One is what one appears. In former times, a common figure was the humble boy who precariously relied on details in an innocent deception: the hard collar and hair lacquer. . . . But the worn and shiny suit exposed how theatrical and false it was.

"Whence comes our superstition for 'front,' our innate desire to be well dressed? Perhaps Spain has something remote to do with it. Just as the poor hidalgo was shy about his extreme need, and could be on bread and water without losing his façade, just as appearance sustains the noble brought low, a certain kind of *porteño* also maintains himself on 'front.' The aspect, the 'front,' is to all the logical expression of one's station in life. A man may tell us that he is engulfed in big business, that he travels all over the world, that he is living in endless prosperity. But if his appearance does not correspond to his emphatic and enthusiastic announcements, his 'front' will denounce him. 'He is a poor unfortunate,' we will say to ourselves scornfully. 'He's a fake,' the street loafer's voice will add.

"But let us penetrate beneath the surface. What psychological root has the elegance of the *porteño*? The problem varies with the person in question. . . . In the man without economic problems, natural elegance can adopt a pose of carelessness. Baudelaire, the exquisite, detested that tailor-shop gloss of new clothes. But what interests us here is the elegance of the man with problems, the average man, the anonymous individual, who goes back and forth to and from the office. Above all, that man without concrete destiny, who knows everything in general and nothing in particular, who does not live by his hands or a healthy trade that tranquilizes the mind; the man who keeps books, or waits on the public, or who, in the office, puts on gloomy sleeves of black alpaca. This man must, has to be elegant. Elegance will be his opium, his immediate destiny, his sustaining force. The day on which his hatband blackens fatally with grease, the day on which his shirt presents around the collarbone those subtle cracks that betray many washings, the day his navy-blue suit suffers an irremediable shine or he loses his tiepin with the diamond chip—his only jewel—this man will be shipwrecked, disoriented, a lost soul, perhaps a potential suicide. What merciful scaffolds elegance builds for this goalless personage! How a new pair of gloves props him up!

"Salvador Irigoyen, . . . for the first time in Argentine literature, treated the theme with acute subtlety. In his story '*Perdóname, hermano*' (Pardon Me, Brother), the protagonist soliloquizes about his dead friend. The oppressive solicitations of the deceased, his implacable 'touches' at the end of the month; the display by the presumptuous scoundrel of an olive-green hat with flawless turned-down brim, the coveted suit of careful measure and respectable cloth, or simply a showy necktie, while the victims of his levies scarcely got by on their precarious fortunes—all is justified by a single objective: to sustain oneself on elegance, in order that the joy of a first wearing shall hide, even if for only one day, the onslaught of pressure, the weight of enormous disenchantment that sometimes makes it difficult to go on living."

BOOKS



CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

NOW AND THEN a biography comes to hand that is not so much the portrait of an individual man as a history of an era. *Miranda: World Citizen*, by Joseph F. Thorning, is the history of an era in which new ideas were being born and the old established order was striving to hold its own under conditions to which it was ill-suited. The task of the year 1810 was to overthrow the old order without destroying the basic foundations upon which a new order might be built, to spread the new ideology of freedom without letting it get out of bounds, to proclaim liberty and yet to restrain license. Leaders were needed for the task, and in Francisco de Miranda Venezuela found a man whose devotion to the cause of liberty transcended the limits of his own country and whose experience in other lands stood him in good stead when the time came to offer his services to his own.

Born in Caracas in 1750, the "Precursor" of Latin American independence, as he has been called, began his career as a captain of Royal Spain. England's colonies in North America were engaged in their struggle for independence, and the Spanish and French Governments little realized that in their efforts to assist in the defeat of Britain they were giving support to ideas of liberty and independence which would in due time overthrow their own dynasties. Miranda, now aide-de-camp of the Governor of Cuba, assisted in giving aid to the American forces at Yorktown and soon found himself in contact with Washington and other leaders of the new republic. From then on the cause of liberty was his first preoccupation—Latin America must be as free and independent as the United States. Years in England strengthened his belief in democratic institutions. The French Revolution lured him into its ranks, and he rose to be a general. Then came years of travel and study, and at last, after forty years of absence from Venezuela, Miranda returned to his native country to lead the forces of revolution and prepare the way for the final victory which Bolívar was to win.

The story is dramatically told, and Dr. Thorning is careful not to let the details of scholarly research distract him from the task of making Miranda live in his pages. This is no imaginary portrait sketched in the language of journalism. It is a meticulously accurate

study, telling the faults as well as the virtues of its hero and citing documentary evidence of statements that might otherwise be almost too fantastic to believe. Particularly to be commended is the author's handling of the difficult and embarrassing problem of the part played by Miranda in the capitulation of San Mateo and of the decision of Bolívar to repudiate his commander and comrade in arms. Dr. Thorning's judgment is that Miranda looked upon the capitulation "not as a surrender, but as a withdrawal to a new springboard from which he could launch his revolutionary movement afresh." Doubtless no more could have been expected



Arturo Michelena painted scene of Francisco de Miranda in La Carraca Prison, Cádiz, after failure of revolution

from one who had been trained in European methods of warfare. Bolívar, younger in years and more accustomed to guerrilla tactics, felt that the capitulation must be avenged or the cause was lost.

The volume is a beautiful piece of bookwork for which the publishers deserve commendation.—C. G. Fenwick

MIRANDA: WORLD CITIZEN, by Joseph F. Thorning. Introduction by President Galo Plaza of Ecuador. Foreword by former Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles. Gainesville, University of Florida Press, 1952. 324 p. \$5.00

SEVEN ESSAYS FROM ECUADOR

WHEN THE WORK of a poet so intimately tied to his own people, land, and culture as Spain's Federico García Lorca arouses the passionate interest of an author in Spanish America, it is because the writer recognizes the sources of his own culture. This is the case with "García Lorca—*Alegoría de España Yacente*" (García Lorca—Allegory of Prostrate Spain), one of the seven essays that make up the book *El Perfil de la Quimera* (The Profile of the Chimera), by Ecuadorean Raúl Andrade. He points out the popular strain in García Lorca's poetry with the sureness of one who knows well the springs that nourished the gypsy from Granada—because he drank from them too. With well-chosen quotations, the Ecuadorean demonstrates the poet's complete integration with his people and his land, and through careful analysis shows how one of the characteristic elements of Spanish popular poetry—death—is always present in García Lorca's work. Studying the Granadan's dramatic works, Andrade presents him as an interpreter of Spain's ancestral tragedy and foreteller of the drama that was to claim him as one of its first victims. Andrade's awareness, knowledge, and mastery of the sources of his own culture demonstrate clear thinking, although its expression at times is clouded by the abundance of words, as if they burst forth by themselves and the writer could not keep them back. We can understand this when we read the note at the end of the book saying that this essay dates from 1939. It was apparently written on the occasion of the end of the Spanish Civil War, in a state of great emotional tension, so some of the fighting literature of those days found its way into the text.

When a writer dares to judge the generation that has preceded him, it is because he is conscious of the role he is called upon to play in his own. And if he lovingly reconstructs the landscapes and environment of that age and accurately measures the people and facts of its public life, it is because he is also aware of his nation's values and has political sense. Andrade shows this in his second essay, on Ecuador's literary and political life beginning with the first years of this century, "*Retablo de una Generación Decapitada*" (Pictures of a Decapitated Generation). It was an era in which literature was made, as Andrade shrewdly observes, by "men with hair on their chests," a time still imbued with the resounding phrases of Montalvo's virile prose. While the mute struggle between an oligarchical minority and the majority of the people went on in the background, the poets followed paths of evasion . . . toward Paris. And the pilot, beside the "old captain"—death—in the boat that was carrying the Ecuadorean "damned," was Baudelaire. They were fantastic travelers sporting Beau Brummel scarves, and like Arturo Borja, who said he "had read all the books" and his "flesh was sad," they all suffered a total loss of the will to live. The manifesto of that generation came from Noboa Caamaño: "I love what is strange, what is exotic—the equivocal, the morbid, the false, the abnormal . . ." This was the same

Noboa Caamaño who would go to Europe and return in shadows, on the point of death—the victim, as Andrade says, of a "conspiracy of books, sensitivity, and fear." He was the symbol of "a generation that did not manage to find its place on the gloomy stage where it was called upon to act." Andrade can say so, for he is conscious of the role to be played by his own generation, but he leaves us with the worrisome question of why that of his predecessors was lost. In its reconstruction of an environment and its literary analysis, however, the essay is excellent.

Raúl Andrade is always vigilant and restlessly watchful in his awareness of things—what he calls "exact and thoughtful knowledge." In his encounter with the pathetic little man portrayed by Charlie Chaplin (known in France and much of Latin America as "Charlot"), in the third essay, "*Charlot, Parábola y Hazaña de la Desventura*" (Charlot, Parabola and Feats of Misfortune), he does not let himself be dazzled either by the fabulous comedian who has been called "the only genius of the twentieth century" or by the magic of moving picture art. He goes straight to the heart of Charlie Chaplin the man, as an expression of his era; with him he faces the drama of mankind in the time and space in which he, Andrade, must live and act. Thus he affirms his social consciousness in universal terms. Starting out from what he calls the "rose-colored" final years of the ineffable Victorian age, Andrade traces the character's doings down to the anguish with which Chaplin shouts his last desperate warning to a world indifferent to the Nazi terror, too late to destroy the forces of evil with laughter. This saga is the constant struggle between the "bright side"—Charlie—and the "dark side"—the police. Andrade makes the best points of this essay when he emphasizes Chaplin's feeling for social justice and the constancy of his battle, based on his profound convictions.

In his fourth essay, "*Teoría del Destierro*" (Theory of Exile), Andrade tells of his discovery of the meaning of "far away." It reveals a clear consciousness of himself, of his intimate and human desolation, of the bit of anguish that is his because he happened to be born at a certain place and a certain time. He first discovered the otherworldly dimension of the words when his mother told him that his grandmother in the coffin surrounded by candles, the sweet little grandmother, had gone "far away, to Heaven." Later, he learned of their terrestrial dimension when his mother told him that his father, wrapped in his cloak, haughty in the midst of a squad of soldiers, was going "far away, to exile." Where else could his combative figure fit? "From then on," Andrade says, "there existed in me a dark and secret fear of those fateful words, embedded between the two lugubrious symbols of the funereal candles and the fixed bayonets." But a long road remained for him to travel in his own parabola, from the fruitless struggle to win the unattainable "right to tranquility" to the bitter victory of exile that serves as an introduction to the next essay, which gives the book its title, "*El Perfil de la Quimera*."

The moment came for him to depart too, because, he says, "I was surfeited with the unchanging physiognomy of my native city. . . . The uncrossable ditch of rancor and resentment had opened between us." And although he went murmuring a verse of Baudelaire's, he was well armed with his American conscience, which was put to the test when he confronted the social phenomenon of the Mexican Revolution, as a man trained in politics. He approached Mexico by way of the novel and Ramón del Valle Inclán, and forms his judgments as a sociologist and politician. He criticizes harshly and points out the causes of the crisis that has beset the Mexican Revolution, but lamentably does not mention that movement's positive aspects, such as the incorporation of millions of Mexicans into the economic, political, and social life of the country. Looking at the Mexican mural painters, he shows a good eye when he asserts the lasting, universal significance of Orozco's work, but he denies some of the other leading fresco painters any value at all, and does not even discuss the social implications of a movement of which the men he condemns are merely exponents. He points out the defects of anecdotal content in the work of Rivera, Siqueiros, and others, but does not analyze the merits it may have or admit that any esthetic value survives what he considers its false orientation.

Back from his eager search for the Chimera, Andrade takes up in the sixth essay, "*Viaje Alrededor de la Muerte*" (Voyage Around Death), a characteristic theme of Spanish literature, opening his very original study with the two basic concepts of "memory of life" and "memory of death." He concludes that there is a death that is Spanish in nationality—the death known to the Spaniards and Indians of America, which has made us, he says, "desperate and taciturn." As an exponent of the peculiar American attitude toward death—which, instead of evading it, foresees it and seeks it—he offers the Peruvian poet César Vallejo. And to complete the cycle of Spanish death, begun with García Lorca, whom Andrade relates to Vallejo in his capacity for presentiment, he speaks of Manolete, the ascetic matador of Córdoba.

In the seventh and final essay, "*Rosalía de Castro, Sirena de la Nostalgia*," Andrade tests his emotional capacity, his virile tenderness, and, from a literary point of view, achieves one of the best pieces in the book. He depicts to perfection the integration of the peculiar geography of Galicia with the spirit of its inhabitants—the intimate relation between the gentle landscape constantly bathed in rain and the infinite nostalgia of the people. For "gallego roads are drawn for leaving, never for returning." The indefinite waiting, the sense of absence and the invisible presence of the absent ones that fills the whole lives of these soft-spoken people—with all these elements Andrade presents a beautiful portrait of the suffering woman he calls "the siren of nostalgia."

El Perfil de la Quimera has unity, even though the essays it contains were written in such varied emotional states and at such different times as the one dedicated

to García Lorca and the one on Rosalía de Castro. Sorrow gives it unity, whether incarnated in a desperate figure like César Vallejo, whose grief had neither beginning nor end, or in the gentle, feminine Rosalía de Castro, who lets her sadness flow forth to the rhythm of her nostalgia, like the drizzles of her native land. It also gains unity from the author's ability to find what is his own in another's and give it world-wide meaning.—Raúl Nass

EL *PERFIL DE LA QUIMERA*, by Raúl Andrade. Quito, Ecuador, Casa de la Cultura Ecuatoriana, 1951. 260 p.

THE NAVAHO TODAY

JUST BEFORE my family and I left Quito a few weeks ago, among a number of books and magazines on our living room table was a copy of *Navaho Means People*. Friends who stopped in to see us looked over the various volumes, and we noticed that this handsome book held their attention longest. The illustrations, photographs by Leonard McCombe, are excellent, and together form a fairly complete graphic story of the life of the Navaho Indians of Arizona and New Mexico. A brief and precise explanatory caption accompanies each picture. In addition, at the end of the volume there are some thirty pages of text on this people's past, its land and work, social life and religion, economic problems, education and health, administration and politics, and psychology and philosophy, as well as on the problem of Navaho adjustment to the impact of an alien culture. This section, by Harvard anthropologists Evon Z. Vogt and Clyde Kluckhohn, complements the pictorial report.



Young Navaho learns responsibility and traditional tribal ways by raising his own goats. Pictures from *Navaho Means People*



Old Lady Gray Mountain sings goat's head before cooking. Navahos cannot afford to throw anything edible away

Although the book is in English, our friends who do not know that language always examined it page by page. When they were not satisfied with just looking at a picture, they would ask what the caption said, eager to understand the scene better or to make sure they had interpreted it correctly. For example, I recall one photograph that showed a young U.S. Indian in army clothing. Our friends wondered if he were really Indian, for it seemed strange to them that an Indian should be in the army, and from the picture they couldn't be sure. Except for such details, which not even the best of photographs can explain, the book was understood, in general, by everyone who looked at it, even by some Otavalo Indians who did not know how to read in any language.

When they had finished looking at the book, they knew that the Navahos live in a desert region; that their houses are primitive huts called "hogans"; that for the most part they no longer wear their traditional clothing, except for dress finery used on special occasions; that their principal occupation is sheep herding, made difficult by the poor range land that has been left to them; that they have horse carts for hauling water and wood from a long distance and for taking the family to the trading post, where they buy food with the money they

get by selling their hand-woven rugs and silver and turquoise jewelry. My Ecuadorean friends had also learned that the Navahos continue the mystic healing ceremonies of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, but that at the same time Western civilization is present in the form of schools and hospitals—not enough of them and too far from reservation settlements, however—and wage work on the railroads. And they had seen the trouble the Indian ex-G.I.'s sometimes run into in the white man's towns.

It seems evident that if this had not been an illustrated book, few of our visitors would have examined it, and fewer still would have understood it. Books like this one have the advantage of awakening the interest of more people and teaching effortlessly, even while entertaining. I would only suggest that such volumes are still more effective when the text, instead of being separated from the pictures, runs side by side with them.—*Aníbal Buitrón*

NAVAHO MEANS PEOPLE, photographs by Leonard McCombe, text by Evon Z. Vogt and Clyde Kluckhohn. Cambridge, Massachusetts, Harvard University Press, 1951. 159 p. \$5.00

THE WINNERS

Last March AMÉRICAS announced five tuition scholarships to be granted by the University of Havana for its Summer Session this year. The competition was open to U. S. citizens holding a B. A. or B. S. degree from a recognized educational institution and with a working knowledge of Spanish. The Pan American Union, charged with selecting the winners, has awarded the coveted chance for six weeks' study in Cuba to the following educators:

Thomas F. McKee
Spanish teacher
Jefferson Junior High School
Arlington, Virginia



Esther M. McLees
Spanish teacher
Fort Dodge High School
Fort Dodge, Iowa



Mary K. Lewis
Primary teacher
McKeesport School District
McKeesport, Pennsylvania



Helen F. Cutting
Assistant professor of Spanish
Woman's College
University of North Carolina
Greensboro, North Carolina



Dewey T. Ashby
Principal
Poulan Junior High School
Poulan, Georgia



EMBASSY ROW



Ambassador Luis Quintanilla, Mexico's representative to the OAS, and his wife, the former Sarita Cordero Huerta, rancher and sportswoman, are avid chessists. Kibitzer is their dog, Flynn (named for Errol).



Decorated by practically every Latin American country and by many in Europe, the Ambassador collects Persian prints, Oriental boxes, pipes. His library numbers over three thousand books.



The Ambassador's residence is this dignified building on Washington's Sixteenth Street.



Escutcheon bearing the great seal of Mexico is affixed impressively to balcony over OAS embassy entrance.

As much at home in diplomacy as on her haciendas in San Luis Potosí, Mrs. Quintanilla, a graduate of the *Universidad Femenina de México*, was once First Secretary of her country's Washington Embassy, placed first in the foreign service exams at eighteen.

CITY WITH A SECRET

(Continued from page 15)

and the monks and nuns had to return to the active life of society. Devout Puebla de los Angeles protected the rebels who defied the new laws, and, contrary to the will of the new nation, the nuns continued their habitual life, making beautiful lace, embroidery, and confections. But in the valleys and fields of Mexico the people carried on the unfinished work of the revolution for independence.

Benito Juárez, symbol of the fortitude of his Indian race and of the will of his people, called the country to arms to defend it against the foreign invaders. From 1859 to 1872 this tireless man lived the drama of Mexico, carrying the burden of government on his shoulders. From Oaxaca, his birthplace in the south, to Saltillo on the northern frontier, this austere statesman fought alongside his men every inch of the way. Once he escaped by a miracle from the hands of Maximilian's "Hessian" cavalry. Though defeated and pursued, he did not lose contact with his people, and when the time came for the reconquest he returned from north to south, conquering in his turn, until he could pause to do justice with the execution of Maximilian. The war and its degradations passed; the French adventure was consigned to the attic of history; and Juárez, reelected by his people, began his second period of government. But he died suddenly in 1872, his heart worn out by a strenuous life. Withal, the convent of Santa Monica did not change its ritual. What importance did the events of dramatic history hold for the lives of the nuns meditating upon the sweetness of heaven?

After Juárez came thirty years of domination by the cruel, pompous dictator, Porfirio Díaz. On Mexico City's Alameda the people were shoved aside with gun butts to make way for the aristocracy. One morning the people awoke to the crack of a rifle. In a Puebla house the armed revolution of 1910 began, but still the convent did not interrupt its routine. It flourished piously and securely, protected from the law by its friends. Díaz fell and Madero came on the scene. Then treachery swept away Madero and his ideals. In the north Pancho Villa and his followers widened the front of the civil war. From Morelos the voice of the man of the land was heard and, under the slogan "Land and Liberty," the Zapatistas and their caudillo showed Mexico the road to reconstruction. History galloped by the convent when Carranza's defeated hosts dispersed. But the convent slept on, and the relic in its bottle became formless.

One day in 1935 the mystery was unexpectedly unveiled. A generation that had breathed the air of a new day denounced the existence of the convent and its open violation of the Reform Laws, shocking the faithful. When the police reached the scene, the nuns disappeared into the neighboring houses. The cells, the patio, and the chapel remained empty. In the high room the relic of the bishop was exposed to the curiosity of outsiders. Huddled in silence, Puebla de los Angeles followed the rhythm of history, and, reconciled with the new order, spread out its beauties while the episode of the convent passed to the sphere of myth and legend.

A DATE FOR AMERICA

(Continued from page 31)

will be there to glean new information on this vital subject.

Headquarters will be the University's modern School of Engineering building, and participants will have at their disposal a specialized library, experimental workshops and laboratories, as well as an exhibit of textbooks, equipment, and teaching materials used in Europe and America. In the discussions five broad topics will be covered: (1) the scope and aims of vocational education and inter-American cooperation; (2) agricultural education; (3) trade and industrial education; (4) business education; (5) home and family trades. Visits to technical institutions and rural communities have been scheduled, and an international group of advisers will help in the research.

So the educators who gather at the University of Maryland will seek a solution to one of the major problems of our time: how to establish the proper balance between the humanities and technical skills to achieve the integration of modern man.

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Inside back cover Max W. Hunn

CHINATOWN, HAVANA

(Continued from page 8)

While we sipped our tea I asked about theaters in Chinatown. "There is nothing but moving pictures nowadays," he replied. From time to time some worthwhile show—comedy or dance—is performed on the stage of one of the movie theaters. But it's not like it used to be, when that big, somber house on Zanja Street used to present mile-long plays that sometimes outlasted the year. In those performances, the stage was bare, without props or spotlights, and the stagehands would move alongside the actors carrying little symbolic decorations. The outbreak of war would be announced by a certain gesture of the left hand, a broken straw, or a wink of the eye, depending on the circumstances. Peace was similarly declared, but with the right hand, or by showing the audience the back of a green turtle or the sandal of a mandarin who had become a saint. A stretched rope signified great difficulty; a fallen one, someone's happiness in danger; a waving one, the ups and downs of life. I don't remember what they did to indicate that someone was being hanged.

I understand the classic theater was founded in 1875, and continued until 1923, when an invasion of—I won't say bad taste. . . . Anyway, the tourists prefer the new style to the way it used to be. They got very bored, the present theater owners say, with those unendingly tedious outpourings. A horse represented by a tassel of corn, and no women on the stage!

The restaurant owner passed me a newspaper: "Let's see what the paper says about the pictures. Can you read it? They were filmed in China and deal with love, criminal plots, and war. How beautiful the actresses are!"

These Chinese newspapers have always interested me very much. I have made several excursions to see how they are put together. There are three papers, two political and one financial. Their combined circulation isn't over twelve thousand copies, but you should see the work that goes into printing them! Some one thousand characters must be moved into place for any ordinary piece, and more than fifteen hundred for a feature or literary article. There are no linotype machines for Chinese, so the compositor sets the type by hand, one character at a time, moving up and down, left and right, in all directions, like a veritable acrobat, along the high Chinese wall of type cases. I understand that these journals receive a San Francisco news service report on affairs of China, but for the most part they give a fairly extensive résumé of Cuban activities. The life of the Chinese colony is amply covered, and there are big advertisements, sometimes in both Chinese and Spanish. Many familiar products appear, but there are no displays of cosmetics or women's styles. No one in the colony is interested in them.

The papers, which are read backward, from right to left, appear in their readers' hands toward dusk, all over the neighborhood: on the street corners, in the mobile cigar and fan stands. Agile distributors quickly bear them to the subscribers; they are not hawked verbally.



Image in one of the district's two Taoist temples



Chinese columnist Mario Kuchilán is Havana's Walter Winchell



Typesetters for one of three Chinese papers pick out characters one at a time



Movies in Chinese have replaced classic dramas the public found tedious



A family mausoleum in Havana's Chinese cemetery

Once in a while news bulletins appear on blackboards in front of the newspaper offices. When this happens, the curious and the impatient, observers and commentators, gather round, and generally verbal battles soon break out; their subject we can only guess from the gestures that accompany the tirades. The three papers are called *Man Sen Yat Po*, *Hoy Men Kong Po*, and *Wah Man Sion*. There is not a line in any of them about sports—no reporter would fill his sheet of silk paper with news of such events. But there are extensive stock-market quotations (local and foreign) and prices on the commodity exchange. The brushlike pens, according to the prevailing criterion, do not waste their time.

Whom do the Chinese marry? Why, they marry white Cuban girls, *mestizas*, and the daughters of Chinese. But the married Chinese don't go on living in Chinatown. They move some distance away, where they maintain exemplary homes. They are famed as fine husbands and self-denying fathers. It is nice to know that in general their offspring are brought up in the Cuban way, but learn Chinese and Spanish side by side. This custom produces the capable translators who will work on the newspapers, in the courts, and in business offices. A Chinese secondary school teaches both languages. The best proof of how deeply they love Cuba lies in the pamphlets they have published in Chinese—for China—on the good fortune they have enjoyed on the island, on its business possibilities, on potential industrial or medicinal uses for Cuban plants, and on the island's geography. Many articles on various Cuban subjects, which frequently appeared in the Chinese press, complete the picture.

The Chinese is not a fervent believer, by our standards, but he goes to his temples and keeps up his ceremonies. In the Taoist sanctuary, with its retable of rosewood and twenty-two-karat gold, they worship their divinities in the morning. Veiled melodies rise from a sort of samisen, and beneficent fumes from an antique bronze vase. Perhaps that ancient tome opaquely displayed on the lectern is a copy of the *Li-Ki*, the Book of Rites, or of that invaluable *Hiao-King*, the compendium of filial piety.

I asked a friend if they had to contribute alms for the cult. "A great cult ours—friendship," he said. "Heaven sees and hears everything. If a man is good, he will be saved."

At the time of the vernal equinox, or generally a couple of weeks before Easter, a big celebration is held in Havana's Chinese cemetery. It is a communion with the dead, in which the faithful carry food, drink, sweets, and other presents to the tombs of their relatives or friends. All this is preceded or followed by dancing and carousing, for to them, apparently, death is not such an unhappy event as it is generally considered in the West. They also leave generous gifts and toys for children who have died. All these things will have disappeared by morning, no one knows how. Evil thoughts attribute this outrage to disrespectful profaners. The Cantonese barbers who shave the Chinese and clean their ears could tell something about this if they chose.

We know that when a Chinese dies a coin is placed in his mouth to pay for his voyage—the classic obolus. Nowadays the coins are of small denomination, perhaps to avoid leaving attractive loot for rude hands, although there seems to be just one well-known funeral home that serves the whole community. From time to time bones and ashes are gathered from the cemetery to be sent to China, where they are deposited in the family pantheon.

In the Chinese New Year celebration, the people come vigorously to life. They set off an enormous number of rockets and firecrackers and parade through the streets in the garb of a gigantic green dragon and ferocious warriors. It is amusing to see many of those who entered the country as "students," when the immigration laws barred farm workers, wheedling the king of the festival, whom they crown as Emperor amidst *vivas* and detonations accompanied by flutes and rattles. Sometimes they produce impressively beautiful floats, whose effect is enhanced by the tones of the K'ing, a magical, liturgical instrument made of musical stones.

It is said that opium is smoked in Chinatown and that there is heavy gambling. Whether or not this is true, such disorders are not visible to the world. The people are sober and honest, and as I take leave of their neighborhood I am moved to say, in the memorable phrase: "I shall not dare to leave your merits in shadow...."

I have left for the end of this note something that passes for the most characteristically Chinese thing in Havana, but which the Chinese no longer have anything to do with: the betting game of "Chinese charades." Undoubtedly it must have come originally from Macao, with its thirty-six "creatures" scattered around on the figure of a grotesque man with a large mustache, wide trousers, oilcloth jacket, and so on. The banker's witty "verses" were the bait to trap customers. As he shook a bag containing numbered balls, which represented the thirty-six lucky figures, the banker might call out: "Elephant that doesn't make any noise," and then draw out number two, which is "butterfly." What an elephant! Or again, "A thief in love" might prove to be number twenty, which is "pedigreed cat." The combinations and tricks are infinite. This game, originally rather simple, today involves one hundred numbers with four different columns of meanings for each, under the headings "Chinese," "Indian," "Cuban," and "American," and they tell me there is even a "Matanzas" charade. That's logical, since the bankers, whose numbers keep growing, make a mockery of the law, taking bets on the last numbers of the official lottery drawing. The charm of the "verses" is gone, along with the mystery of the little bag. The game's tie with its origin has been broken. As it is today, the Chinese neither understand it nor play it.

I asked one of my Chinese friends, "Number twenty-nine is mouse, isn't it?" "Who knows?" he replied in that characteristically irrefutable manner of theirs.

"It's also cloud, hutia, and stag," I persisted. "But it is mouse in the 'Chinese' column, isn't it?"

"Who knows, boy!" came the answer again. And that is just as far as he would go.

THIS BUSINESS OF PLASTICS

(Continued from page 5)

as they can be molded by hand like clay and baked in ordinary ovens at temperatures as low as 350°.

Both Monsanto-Mexicana and Bakelite de México report that sales have been good despite a general business slack-off due to government restrictions on credit buying. Their customers now have the equipment to mold plastic articles of any size or complexity. Some, like the Compañía Industrial Importadora in the capital, make their own machinery. Industrias Unidas, also of Mexico City, has a fifteen-hundred-ton press that turns out a finished four-pound radio cabinet every two minutes. It can also make television cabinets, washing-machine agitators, or other large articles in a single operation. In the last ten years the volume of plastic finished goods produced in Mexico has increased sixfold.

Raw-material manufacturers everywhere maintain a consultation service to make sure their clients get the right compound for their particular needs. This is one of the industry's chief worries. In the frenzied postwar scramble back to civilian uses, producers in both the United States and Latin America saw the consumer rebel when, as a result of misapplication, the market was flooded with shower curtains that got as stiff as cardboard after the first couple of showers, sink strainers that dissolved in hot water, and buttons that couldn't survive dry cleaning. This young industry's whole future depends on making the limitations as well as the possibilities of each compound clearly understood.

Latin America's most dramatic plastics boom has been going on in Brazil, with São Paulo—champion boom city of the Hemisphere—as the focal point. The tight import restrictions of the late forties lit a fire under local manufacture of these products. Around São Paulo alone there are now about a hundred and fifty companies concerned with one phase or another of plastics production. The thirty-two largest employ a total of about thirty-five hundred people.

As in Mexico, phenolics were the first raw materials to be domestically produced. Half a dozen factories (one large, five small) now turn them out, using Brazilian-made formaldehyde and imported phenol. (Since phenol is a derivative of benzol, which is now being produced in great quantities at Volta Redonda, it will probably be crossed off the import list in the not-too-distant future.) Some of these same factories also make ureas—another family of molding powders, made by combining synthetic urea instead of phenol with formaldehyde. Ureas have the strength of phenolics, plus a wider color range. Typical uses are in hardware, buttons, zippers, flooring, casings for household appliances.

The Companhia Química Rhodia Brasileira of São Paulo, subsidiary of a French concern, furnishes Brazil with cellulose acetate, finding a ready supply of fiber available in that cotton-producing state. Size of the plant was doubled in 1946. Another São Paulo firm makes cellulose nitrate.

Most popular of all with Brazilians is polystyrene. It is made by the country's largest material supplier,



Employees of Shyf, a Santiago producer of finished plastic products, operate a row of molding presses



Well-equipped tool room where Shyf of Chile makes its own molds, jigs, tools, and other equipment

Bakol, which is owned 51 per cent by Trol, a Brazilian molding company, and 49 per cent by Bakelite. The first outfit to make polystyrene in South America, it turned on its machinery in August 1949. Part of the annual output of four thousand tons is exported to neighboring countries. Its three production lines are manned by one hundred and twenty employees, ninety-five per cent of whom are Brazilians. Four chemical engineers, on loan from Bakelite in the United States, advise on technical matters. Bakol makes its molding powder in fifty colors and shades, and claims it can match any color the buyer wants, from transparent crystal to jet black.

Bakol now has a competitor in the polystyrene field—the Companhia Brasileira de Plásticos "Koppers," which has a newly completed factory in the São Paulo suburb of São Bernardo do Campo. As at Bakol, Brazilians hold the controlling interest; the Koppers Company of Pittsburgh and Omni-Products Corporation of New York are minor shareholders. Koppers will provide technical information and know-how.

Products made with vinyls are also proving popular with Brazilians. Selling particularly fast at the moment are locally-manufactured unbreakable vinyl records; safety glass (a sheet of vinyl film sandwiched between two sheets of plain glass); and vinyl floor coverings that are supposed to wear three times as long as linoleum. Three big factories—two in São Paulo and one in Rio—

have been turning out a varied line of films and other intermediate products from vinyl resins since 1949, and makers of vinyl end products are numbered by the dozens.

Lured by the ready market and by the fact that all the necessary ingredients are available locally, two companies are now preparing to make vinyl resins and compounds in Brazil. One of these is Monsanto, Productos Químicos e Plásticos, another hybrid, owned three quarters by Brazilian firms, one quarter by Monsanto. The plant will be built in the São Paulo area and is expected to have an annual capacity of five thousand tons. It plans to make its own basic ingredients—possibly at Volta Redonda.

The second firm with its eye on vinyls has been organized by a group of Brazilian businessmen and the B. F. Goodrich Company. The blueprints call for locating in São Caetano and for getting into production by late 1952 or early 1953.

A novel development on the Brazilian front is a new multi-million-dollar company, formed just this past May, that will make plastic raw materials out of castor oil. Backed entirely by Brazilian capital, this concern will use new processes worked out at a pilot plant in France—the only other such factory in existence. Castor-based plastics can be used to make everything from raincoats to tubing, and since Brazil is the world's biggest producer of castor beans, there will be an unlimited supply of raw material. Much of the two-hundred-thousand-ton annual output is grown within easy shipping distance of

São Paulo, the proposed scene of operations.

Largest molder in Brazil and, in fact, in South America is Trol, the controlling partner in Bakol. Its toy jeeps, underwear buttons, and hundreds of other products go to retail stores all over the country, including the Lojas Americanas, a big chain of five-and-tens. Two thirds of Trol's 750 employees are women.

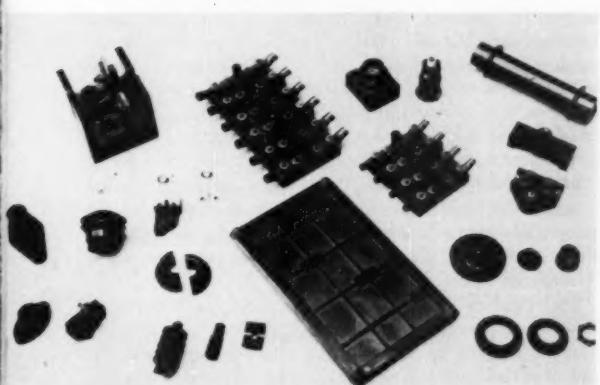
Another leading molding company is Atma Paulista, which feeds 120 different items into the nation's playrooms, 350 into the hands of its housewives, and 200 into its industries. Both Atma and Trol make their own steel molds. Small ones cost two to three thousand dollars, while some of the big ones come as high as eight thousand dollars, but these can be used over and over for many years.

Still more front-line molders are De La Rue Plásticos (organized by the English firm of Thomas De La Rue in collaboration with Brazilian investors in 1946), Industrias Brasileiras de Matérias Plásticas, Mueller, and Balila.

The plastics industry has opened a wide range of jobs in many of the Hemisphere's big cities. Raw material manufacturers employ chemical and mechanical engineers and research workers, as well as large numbers of people to man the mixing, rolling, and grinding machines—jobs that can be learned in from one to twelve months. Molders need press operators (who require three to five months' training), mold and product designers, engineers, mold-makers, and finishers to polish, file, and sand the products as they come from the presses. Enterprises that include plastic parts in their own products need for their plastics departments operators of bending, beading, buffing, painting, and sanding machines, tool makers, engineers, draftsmen, designers. And, of course, the personnel needs of all the companies include salesmen, supervisors, and office workers.

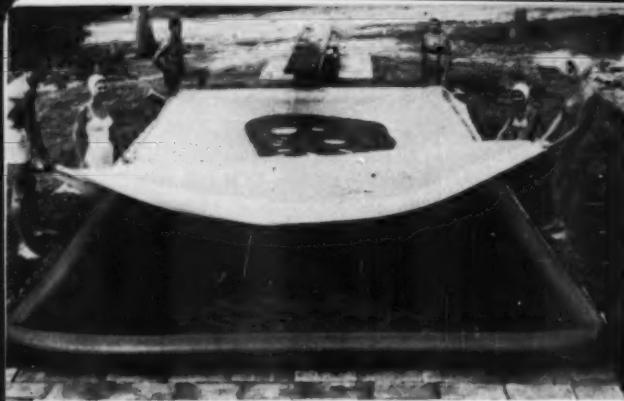
Sometimes a dramatic discovery in the field comes as a pay-off on basic research. For example, the experimenting that led to nylon thread for milady's stockings and to the nylon molding powders for the army's lifesaving plastic vests was aimed simply at finding a way to make huge organic molecules like those nature builds into cotton, wood, or silk. It went on in DuPont's laboratories for ten years and cost the company twenty-seven million dollars. Besides being tough enough for hammer heads and gears, nylon plastics are extremely heat-resistant and can therefore be used in things that must be sterilized, like hypodermics and baby dishes.

An extremely useful plastic not yet produced in Latin America is polyethylene. Made by polymerizing ethylene, this flexible, translucent substance was discovered in England, later transferred to the United States by Bakelite and DuPont. Electrical engineers think of polyethylene mostly as an insulator for radar, coaxial cables, and condensers. Housewives in New York and Boston see it in the moisture-proof bags that hold the Arizona and California vegetables they find in their grocery stores. And glamor girls find it in "squeezable" cosmetic bottles. Potentially important to Latin America are the new polyethylene pipes. These were first used in mines,



All kinds of plastic products, for both industry and the consumer, are now manufactured in Latin America



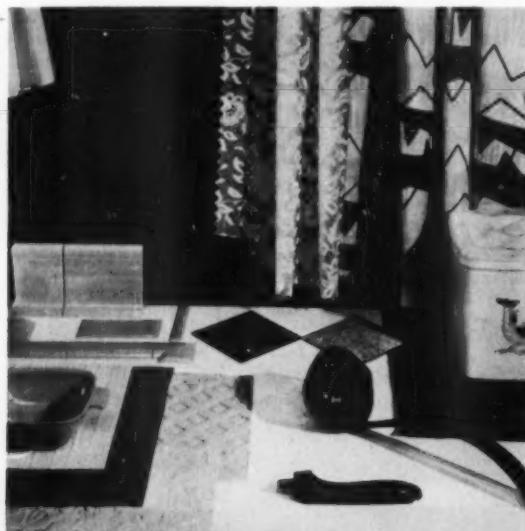


Cover of new plastic swimming pool is kept in place by small-gauge pipe slipped into electronically-welded side seams

where corrosive waters would ruin metal pipe in a matter of days, and are now used also for rural water lines, wells, and irrigation. A man can hold a hundred-foot length of this pipe in one hand, and two workers can lay a thousand feet of it in the time it takes eight to lay two hundred feet of metal pipe.

Plastics have been a boon to the medical field. They are providing much more natural-looking arms, hands, and legs for amputees, as well as artificial eyes and contact lenses. Medical schools are using more and more plastic skeletons, as they not only are cheaper and easier to obtain than the human variety, but have the advantage that damaged parts can be replaced. Plastic membranes, ribs, esophagi, and so on, are opening new vistas to surgery because the body seems better able to adapt to them than to other foreign materials. And plastics make less painful skull plates than metal as they are not so responsive to changes in temperature.

The artificial eyes and contact lenses are made from another family of plastics not yet produced in Latin America—the highly transparent acrylics. Used mainly for bomber noses during the war, these compounds are now familiar in thousands of items marked with the trade names Lucite (DuPont) and Plexiglas (Rhom & Haas). Acrylics can be made in all the colors of the spectrum and in frosted, pebbled, and other patterned effects. Applications range from incubators and dental plates to airplane cabins.



The plastics seen in laminated form in the tops of modern coffee and dining tables, chests, desks, and vanities are called melamines. This group, made with calcium cyanamide and formaldehyde, is outstanding for surface hardness and moisture resistance. In some melamine laminates the wood grain is merely reproduced, but in the more expensive forms actual wood is impregnated with plastic. All are stain, scratch, and heat resistant, and some grades are even cigarette-burn proof. Besides, the customer is assured, they will never need polishing, as the shine goes all the way through.

A new plastic product that is especially intriguing in the dog days is the swimming pool made of vinyl sheeting. This year, for the first time in history, backyard beaches are within reach of middle-class families. For four hundred dollars one can get the sides and floor, an inflatable bumper that runs around the edge, and a safety cover to keep children and pets from falling in. Estimates of what it would cost to get the hole dug by a bulldozer and a drainage system installed range from one to four hundred dollars. The pool is twenty-seven feet long, thirteen feet wide, and three to five feet deep. It holds ten thousand gallons of water.

An equally fascinating innovation is the revolutionary car body of reinforced plastic that U.S. Rubber has been experimenting with. The body—which can be molded in one piece—is 65 per cent polyester compound (known for its impact resistance) and 35 per cent glass fiber mat and glass cloth. This combination is stronger, for its weight, than steel, and very resilient. The finished product is two-tenths of an inch thick and weighs 185 pounds. Only sports-car models have been made so far, but the material and process allow great freedom of design. Unlike metal, this reinforced plastic will not dent or rust. When a test car was run against a tree at twenty-five miles an hour, the body remained intact except for a fourteen-inch crack that was mended in an hour with a layer of glass fiber topped by one of plastic. An intensive development program is still needed to adapt the idea to the mass-production methods of the automobile industry. But the Glasspar Company of Costa Mesa, California, is already producing the car on a commercial basis.

The plastics story is about as fluid as hot resins. New developments come so fast that it is virtually impossible to keep up with them. In the laboratories of the raw-material manufacturers research chemists, working in an awesome jungle of tubes, gauges, flasks, and complex electrical apparatus, are continually probing for the compounds of tomorrow.

Answers to Quiz on page 47

1. Buenaventura
2. Fernando O'Higgins
3. Panama
4. Volta Redonda
5. Belo
6. Parola
7. Mendes
8. The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico
9. Peru, Colombia, and Brazil
10. Lake Patzcuaro

Plastics for home furnishings are acquiring increased variety of design, color, and texture

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Answers on Page 46



1. Street scene in Colombia's Pacific port of Barranquilla, Callao, La Guaira, or Buenaventura?



2. Statue of Chile's national hero in Santiago. Is he Bernardo O'Higgins, Patrick O'Reilly, Sean T. O'Kelly, or Carlos Houlihan?



3. These Caribbean islanders, the San Blas Indians, are nationals of Panama, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, or Honduras?



4. Is Brazil's biggest steel plant named Huachipato, Cerro Bolívar, Volta Redonda, or Cerro de Pasco?



5. Because of its lightness and insulating properties, the wood of these Ecuadorian trees is used in airplane and life-raft construction. Are the trees teakwood, sandalwood, balsa, or rosewood?



6. That tissue-paper-and-silk lantern carried by merrymaker at Havana, Cuba, Carnival is called a *tortilla*, *pollo*, *farola*, or *guaracha*?



7. Not a hospital, but a wine-testing laboratory in the center of Argentina's vineyard region. Is it in the town of Rosalia, Mendoza, Buenos Aires, or Comodoro Rivadavia?



8. Architecture of this adobe dwelling indicates that it was built by the Spanish conquistadors of Peru, the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, the Kwakiutls of British Columbia, or the Otavalo Indians of Ecuador?



9. Like three other South American countries, Venezuela has a province called Amazonas, as indicated on map. What are the other three?

10. Are these Mexican boatmen paddling across Lake Atilán, Lake Titicaca, Lake Cayuga, or Lake Pátzcuaro?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FOR WORLD FEDERATION

Dear Sirs:

May I commend you for the outstanding article "Toward Central American Union," by Alberto Lleras, in the April issue? A union of Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama would be highly desirable; and it is my hope that it will soon be attained. Similar unions would be desirable in other regions of the world—a European Federation, for example, along the lines of the United States of America.

The whole course of political evolution is in the direction of union of nation-states. Such union as can be achieved at the regional level forms a stepping stone to the ultimate goal of world federation, which is our great hope of peace with freedom on this planet. If it were possible—and it is my firm conviction that it is—to strengthen the United Nations into a *limited* federal government for the world, the present obstacles standing in the way of regional unions would tend to disappear.

Should Russian intransigence make universal federation *presently* unattainable, the nations of the free world would nevertheless gain significantly by making world federation their announced objective. Such a goal—peace under enforceable law—would appeal greatly to the war-weary and depressed of all nations. If strengthening of the UN along these lines were a fundamental objective of the foreign policies of all the Americas, Hemisphere solidarity would become increasingly real and substantial; and the Americas might well find themselves leading the world toward a new era of peace and security.

Palmer Van Gundy
Los Angeles, Calif.

SPANISH BOOK CLUB

Dear Sirs:

Círculo Literario is a Spanish book club that distributes books in the Spanish language throughout the United States much in the same manner as the great U.S. book clubs. As might be expected, one of our chief problems is to locate those people who read Spanish. Once they have been found, the services of our organization provide them with an easy means of keeping abreast of developments in literature. Because bookstores that stock Spanish books are so few and far between, our organization is often the only means through which interested readers can do this. Won't you tell your readers about us?

Charles Spilka
11 East 36th Street
New York 16, New York

ART FOR THE BOOKSHELF

Dear Sirs:

In your April number "Latin American Bookshelf," by Hubert Herring, offers a fine selection of titles. But no mention is made of any book devoted to the arts of the pre-Columbian, colonial, or contemporary periods of art in those lands. It is a shortcoming of all too many of our educators and publicists that, when it comes to art, they remain passive—overlooking it or forgetting it.

As early as the nineteenth century some U.S. authors noted the original beauty of this art. *A White Umbrella in Mexico*, by F. Hopkinson Smith (1890), was one of the first; then came Sylvester Baxter's comprehensive *Spanish Colonial Art in Mexico* (1901), and so on, through Anita Brenner's *Idols Behind Altars* (1929), which starts the modern era. Within the last two decades such a vast amount of writing accumulated in these fields that the Library of Congress published *A Guide to the Art of Latin America*, edited by Robert C. Smith and Elizabeth Wilder (1948). The information in the 480 pages of this valuable reference book would be of great help to the figurative redhead to whom Herring's list is addressed. I am sure she would gain a livelier perspective in her studies if she also read some book on the art of the Americas . . .

My recent lecture trip gave me an insight into the great interest in the various phases of Latin American art. I started in Chicago and traveled through the Southwestern States, up the

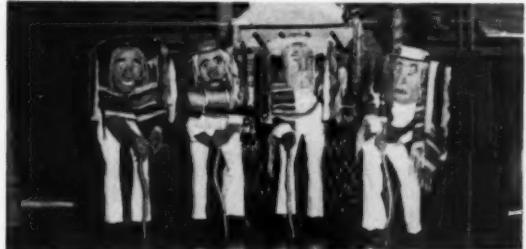
Pacific Coast as far as Vancouver, and home via Toronto. I spoke to museum and university audiences, exclusively on pre-Columbian and colonial art in Latin America—under the aegis of the Department of Art, Anthropology, or Romance Languages. But whether it was an audience of students or of "the general public," the 3,100 people who saw my lantern slides were fascinated by what this art offered them and seemed eager and ready for more.

Pál Kelemen
Norfolk, Conn.

LITTLE OLD MEN OF MADERA

Dear Sirs:

I am enclosing a photograph [see cut] of the Madera, California, high-school students' version of *Los Viejitos*, a dance



typical of Michoacán, Mexico. The occasion was a Fiesta Pan Americana, presented by the Pan American Student Forum of Madera Union High School.

Jean Patton
Madera, Calif.

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service should specify whether they want letters in English, Spanish, Portuguese, or French. Here the language is indicated by an initial after the name.

José Sosa Esquivel
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A. A. Akinyanju
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Oshogbo, South Nigeria
British West Africa

Alice Adesile
Box 19
Oshogbo, South Nigeria
British West Africa

Opposite: Tangled roots of mangrove tree on the Florida coast



INTER-AMERICAN STATISTICAL INSTITUTE

The IASI was organized as an outgrowth of the Eighth American Scientific Congress held in Washington, D. C., in 1940, to stimulate the improvement of methodology in statistics, to encourage measures designed to improve the bases of comparison and availability of statistics in the Western Hemisphere, to provide professional collaboration among statisticians, and to cooperate with other organizations in matters related to its specialty. In 1950 IASI, as an inter-American technical organization, was coordinated with the Organization of American States, and the Statistics Division of the Pan American Union became its Secretariat. Communications to the IASI should be addressed to its Secretariat at the Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C. Orders for publications should be sent to the Publications and Distribution Division, Pan American Union.

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